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# The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

RESOLVE 1932

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Exams  
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JANUARY, 1932

# Graceful Carriage Healthful Posture Tireless Energy



as a result of these new  
Official Girl Scout Shoes



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This label, placed in the heel seat, identifies the new official patterns with the PED-A-PIVOT feature.

Use this Coupon, if your retailer cannot supply you.

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Be sure to ask for the new Official Girl Scout Shoe with the PED-A-PIVOT feature. Look for the PED-A-PIVOT label in the heel seat, in addition to the Official Girl Scout label on the tongue.

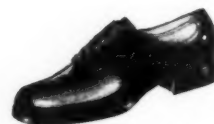
Brown Shoe Company | Central Shoe Company  
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Exclusive manufacturers and distributors of  
Official Girl Scout Shoes with the PED-A-PIVOT feature.

Sizes 2 1/2 to 10  
widths AAA to D

Oxfords \$5.00 and \$5.50  
Boots \$6.00 and \$6.50

**PED-A-PIVOT**  
FEATURE  
Official Girl Scout Shoes



Girl Scout 1. Coffee Elk Moccasin Blucher, Flex-Dri Leather Sole, Welt Construction.

Girl Scout 2. Same pattern in Smoke Elk with Gro-Cord Rubber Sole.



Girl Scout 3. Tan Boarded Calf Blucher Oxford Flex-Dri Sole, and Rubber Heel.  
Girl Scout 4. Same pattern in Black Boarded Calf.



Girl Scout 12. Smoke Elk 8-in. Boot with Gro-Cord Rubber Sole and Heel.

Girl Scout 11. Same pattern in Brown Elk with Flex-Dri Leather Sole.



# Along the Editor's Trail

**R**ESOLUTIONS and thrift—those seem to be the things people are most interested in during January. National Thrift Week occurs this month, and when you receive this magazine the new year, 1932, will be only a few days off.

Resolutions are things most of us make, and some of us keep. Often they affect only ourselves and our immediate families. Thrift, which is really wise spending, is, on the other hand, important to the whole community. This is especially true now when the country is facing grave economic difficulties and people are tightening their purse-strings—some, it is true, from necessity, but many with the idea that in a time of depression it is wiser to hoard money than to spend it.

This is a mistaken belief. For without a free circulation of money, how is it possible for businesses and industries to go on and for people to be employed? Our modern life is really a sort of chain. Mr. Smith may be as far removed from Mr. Doe as the "cow with the crumpled horn" was from "the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built!" They may not have even a bowing acquaintance with one another. And yet, through contact with Mr. Jones and

Mr. Ames and Mr. Stone, the effect of something Mr. Smith does may be felt by Mr. Doe, just as, through the dog and the cat in the old rhyme, the malt-loving rat becomes a part of the same story as the old cow.

So, if Mr. Smith, who has money, refuses to spend it, Mr. Jones, whose business depends on the purchases of Mr. Smith and those like him, discovers that he hasn't enough to pay his clerk. Then the clerk, Mr. Ames, is without a job, and can't pay his rent to Mr. Stone, who, in turn cancels his order for some goods he has bought from Mr. Doe. And so it goes on, and eventually comes back to Mr. Smith, who finds, to his surprise, that his own income has been decreased by what he calls "the general depression."

No, hoarding is not the way to end economic stress. And neither is extravagance. A sane budgeting of money, whether it be a large or a small allowance, a nice balance between spending and saving, living within but up to one's income. In short, thrift, in its true meaning, a meaning that Girl Scouts know—that is the way to better times—thrift and a readiness to help those who are in need of help. And now, a Happy New Year to you all!

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor  
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

**THE AMERICAN GIRL**  
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## Don't dread the days ahead!

BETTY BROOKS found Patsy Wycoff in a terrible state. She was all nervous and upset and pale and shaky. "Why, Patsy," she said, "you look as though you'd just seen a ghost! What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," Patsy answered. "I've been working out my new year's budget and I can't make things come out right. You see, the new term is coming along and with it all sorts of expenses that I can't seem to meet. There are loads of items—the dramatic club fee, organization dues and new books and supplies, to say nothing of the personal accessories I have had to buy out of my allowance ever since the big crash. It's driving me—"

But Betty Brooks interrupted the breathless report. "Just calm yourself, Patsy," she told her, "and rub that hunted look off your face. You look as though some ogre had been chasing you. You're too nervous to think straight. Now listen to me. I'll set you right and you won't dread the days ahead!"

And set her right she did. Betty showed her a plan that wiped all her difficulties away with one fell swoop. She told her how to conduct herself in a financial emergency without losing her head. She taught her how to go out and earn a little extra money in an easy way for the things she needed instead of growing panicky and getting into a stew.

## Are you afraid, too?

ARE YOU one of those thousands of girls who are afraid to face the financial demands made upon them in times like this? Are you one of the millions of girls who have had to cut down and scrimp and budget because a big bad-business billow had struck your family?

Betty Brooks has a wonderful plan that will help you face the future with equanimity. Let her tell you how she has been helping thousands of girls all over the country overcome that great difficulty—lack of money. And let her help you, too. Write her today at

## The American Girl

670 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.



Face  
the  
Future  
with  
Confidence

Let  
Betty Brooks  
tell you how!

Be sure not to miss the February "American Girl"—





FOOTBALL seems to be a popular game with our readers, judging by the joyful reception *Another Dumb Athlete* and Mary Ellen were given. As a matter of fact, the whole November issue appears to have been pretty successful. Just listen to these letters:

"I think our magazine is absolutely grand—especially the November issue," says Jean Dockhorn of Baltimore. "I was in the hospital when it came, but Mother brought it to me, and was I happy? You can imagine. It was fairly devoured from cover to cover. *Another Dumb Athlete* was just great. I adore football and football stories. Mary Ellen just hit the spot, too." Lena Torrisi of Philadelphia writes, "I have just been reading the November issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and I think it's marvelous. I enjoyed the cover very much, and my favorite story was *Another Dumb Athlete*." Pauline Akers of Chicago writes, "In my opinion the November issue takes the cake. It's the best issue we've had in ages—which really isn't saying such an awful lot because they are all so very good."

OUR ONE dissenting vote on *Another Dumb Athlete* comes from Elizabeth Harrell of Roxabel, North Carolina. "Please don't print any more stories like it," Elizabeth writes. "I don't believe the girl ever lived who had as little school spirit as Joan Woodley. If such a mortal ever existed, it surely took more than one football game to change her." The majority of our readers, however, seemed to like Joan.

"I SIMPLY had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed the November AMERICAN GIRL," writes Ruth Forman of Weedsport, New York. "The stories were great, and I thought the cover was keen. I enjoyed *Another Dumb Athlete* immensely." Marion Cardwell of Louisville, Kentucky says she thinks the November issue was a peach, including the cover. "I was crazy about *Another Dumb Athlete*," she says, "because it's just in season, and just what every girl likes. Three cheers for it! I hope we have lots more like it."

THE NOVEMBER cover, as well as the inside of the magazine, has aroused a lot of favorable comment. Mary Flood of Springfield, Ohio writes that she thinks the cover was fine. "It seemed so real," she writes, "and surely was suited to the season." "How come Revere Wistehuff hasn't come to the front in the line of popular illustrators before?" Dorothy Rogers of Huntington, New York wants to know. "Why haven't we heard more of him?" she writes. "His illustrations for *Another*

## Well, of All Things!

*Dumb Athlete*, which, by the way, was the most interesting sports story I have ever read in THE AMERICAN GIRL, were just wonderful. I liked them very much, and hope we'll have more."

ANOTHER opinion about the covers comes from Priscilla Clark, who lives in Worcester, Massachusetts. She writes, "As I look over the covers of past issues, I note that most of the interesting ones were done by Edward Poucher. I think that the covers should tell a story in themselves, as the September one did. I'm sure all girls like college incidents, which furnish ideas for many artists." You will be glad to see that Mr. Poucher did the cover of this issue. Priscilla.

ELISABETH STEVENSON of Salem, Virginia says she thinks the covers are always good. "I am always so proud of them that I show them to all my classmates," Elisabeth writes. Dorothy Tucker of Boonton, New Jersey says, "November's cover is keen, fresh, invigorating, and best of all, it illustrates one of your excellent stories." Beatrice Morris of New York sends in an emphatic plea for more of Revere Wistehuff's drawings.

MRS. EMILY NEWELL BLAIR's article, *Books to Grow Up On*, scored a hit, too. Mary Margaret Chandler of Sioux City, Iowa says, "I cannot express my thanks and appreciation for your article, *Books to Grow Up On*. It solves both my literary problem and my Christmas list. It is absolutely the best thing in months." Ruth Forman, who wrote about the football story, says she read everything in the issue and enjoyed *Books to Grow Up On* especially. Lena Torrisi, who wrote about *Another Dumb Athlete*, too, says she thinks Mrs. Blair's was one of the most interesting articles she had ever read.

ALL OF you who write asking for more about Mary Ellen will be glad to hear that there is another story about her coming soon. This time she takes up tap dancing. Edith Jane Preston of Fitchburg,

Massachusetts says, "I wish you would have more Mary Ellen stories. It helps me a lot to understand sports." "Mary Ellen was as good as ever," writes Ann Wright of Pike Road, Alabama. "It helped me to watch a football game I went to recently with much more comprehension." Gladys Leonard of Wollaston, Massachusetts writes, "Here's my heartiest vote for the Mary Ellen stories. They have lots of life, and the idea and instruction are really worth while and helpful."

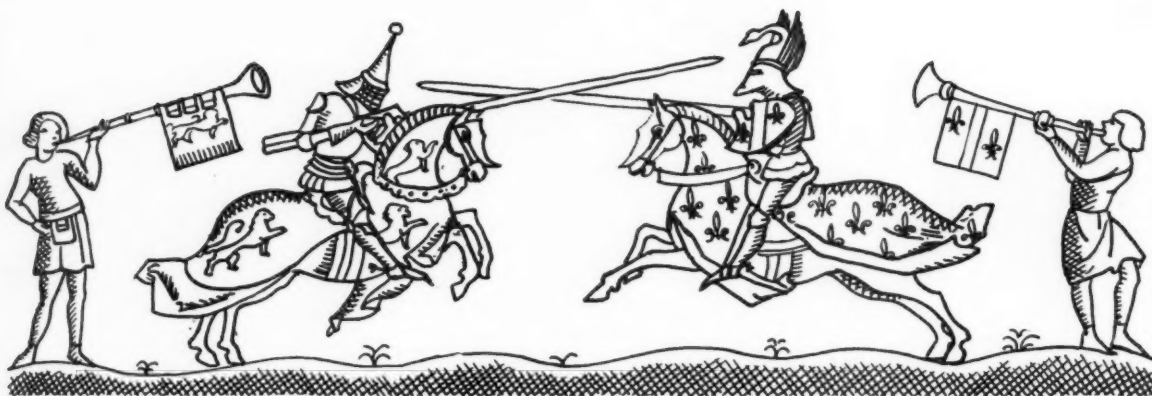
SCATTER seems to be as popular as ever and *College Ice* received quite an ovation. Mary Alice McGuire of Maroa, Illinois says she thinks it was the funniest story we have had in ages. Alice M. Sheldon of Salisbury, Vermont says she, too, thinks the latest Scatter story is the best one yet. Alice likes Scatter best of all THE AMERICAN GIRL characters. On the other hand, Edith Treat of Seymour, Connecticut writes, "As much as I like Scatter, I didn't like the last story, *College Ice*. I think it was too silly, even for Scatter." Pauline Akers, who was so enthusiastic about the November issue, says she thinks *College Ice* was the best ever. "I certainly congratulate Bingo on getting away with ten sundaes," she writes. Jean Dockhorn—the girl we visited in the hospital, you remember—says she thinks Scatter is the funniest girl she ever heard of, and that she would like to meet her and Jo Ann.

VIOLA NODINE of Waterbury, Connecticut writes that she thinks this is the best girls' magazine published. "Now that I've become acquainted with it," she writes, "I wouldn't give it up for anything in the world."

Maribelle Wilcock of Brooklyn, who is a student of journalism in college, writes that she is an ardent admirer of THE AMERICAN GIRL. "I have subscribed to the magazine for seven years, and my renewal for the next two years will soon be on its way," she says. "I am just as thrilled today when I receive my copy of the magazine as I was seven years ago. As a journalism student I am rather critical of all magazines, and in my opinion THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best magazine for girls that I have ever read. Moreover, it really seems to improve each year."

PLEASE EVERYBODY write to us soon and let us know how you like this issue. Tell us what you think about Mrs. Abbott's story, and about *The Nerve Trainers*. And did you like Mr. Terhune's story last month? Write us your frank opinions and tell us why you think as you do.

Look for the winners of the What-I-Wish Contest in it



# Three Knights from Spain

We are three Brethren come from Spain,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 We are come to court your daughter Jane,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

My daughter Jane!—she is too young,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 She cannot bide your flattering tongue,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

Be she young, or be she old,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 'Tis for a bride she must be sold,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

A bride, a bride, she shall not be,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 Till she go through this world with me,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

Then shall you keep your daughter Jane,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 Come once, we come not here again,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

Turn back, turn back, you Spanish Knights,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 Scour, scour your spurs, till they be bright,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

Sharp shine our spurs, all richly wrought,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 In towns afar our spurs were bought  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

Smell my lilies, smell my roses,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 Which of my maidens do you choose?  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

Not she. Not she. Thy youngest, Jane!  
*All in French garlands;*  
 We ride—and ride not back again,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*

In every pocket a thousand pound,  
*All in French garlands;*  
 On every finger a gay gold ring,  
*And adieu to you, my darlings.*  
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Decorations on this page are from the illustrations by Dorothy Owen for "Loud Sing Cuckoo," by permission of Duffield and Green



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MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

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Illustrations by

Harv Stein

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These were not hasty, eleventh-hour resolutions! With exalted purpose these girls were hunting down their weakest weaknesses. Little failings might be cured by any sort of resolutions, but these must be special—secret, too.

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"Molly, that isn't good enough!" Donny and Jean Martin had hooted. The candles had not been lighted yet and they could hoot with propriety.

"It is!" Molly had affirmed. "Girls, you don't know! I go into Stewart's determined to drink tomato juice and then something happens inside me. Something stronger than I am orders a Delight. And there I am eating it! I could eat dozens! And I know what it will do to me. I'll grow as big as Mrs. Stevens!"

"Just looking at Mrs. Stevens ought to stop you without signing any resolution."

"It doesn't!" The wail in Molly's voice convinced the others that this weakness was indeed very serious.

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"It's the same thing. It would give Mother some peace of mind."

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"I—" she paused dramatically, "I am going to swear to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, and

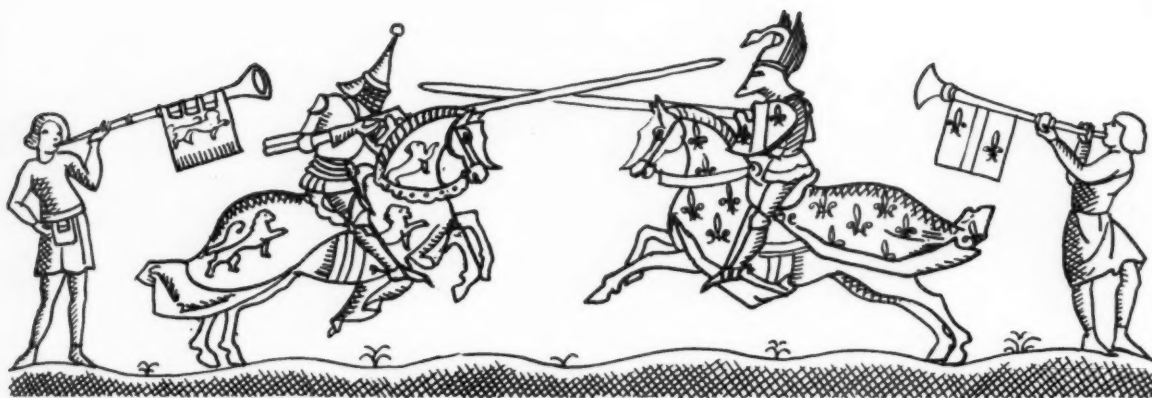
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Stark truth with Donny might be a distinct loss!

"All the time, Donny? Every time you open your mouth?"

"Every time I open my mouth," Donny repeated firmly.



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"All the time, Donny? Every time you open your mouth?"

"Every time I open my mouth," Donny repeated firmly.

"What if your Aunt Josephine asks you if you really like the dress she sent you for Christmas?"

"I shall tell her that I appreciate her thinking of me so—so expensively but that she did not use good judgment in selecting the dress, that it is much too young for me!"

"What if you have to tell Sybil Cox that you're only nice to her because her mother gives such grand parties?"

"If she asks I'll have to tell her."

"Well, what if you have to tell Bruce King that he is the homeliest boy in the world, even if he *can* play football!" Donny set her chin stubbornly. "I'd have to say it. Now, stop your 'ifs'. Let's write down our resolutions and swear on them."

Donny wrote them on an impressive scroll of paper. Each swore, lifting her right hand.

"There should be a penalty if we break them. Whoever breaks hers must stand treat for the others at 'The Cookie Jar.'"

"The regular lunch," affirmed Donny, adding that to the scroll.

The holidays over, school began. There was much talk of New Year's resolutions in which Donny, Molly and Jean took no part. But Molly walked past Stewart's with her eyes sternly turned across the street. Jean studied every evening. Her family heard her saying frequently over the telephone, "No, I can't go out, not until Saturday. I have to study."

Donny's aunt and uncle came to Wayne for a week-end visit.

"Did you?" asked Molly and Jean on the Monday following.

"Did I what?"

"Tell her what you thought of the dress?"

"I did."

"Whatever did she say?"

"She said she'd change it for me." There was triumph in Donny's voice. Virtue had had its reward. Truth, after all, was easy.

But to hold to it changed Donny outwardly. Her face wore a tightness of expression and her eyes a guarded look. She talked in an abstracted manner as if her mind were concentrating on something else. Molly and Jean understood. But Sybil didn't.

Sybil Cox had lived in Wayne only a few months. She was a small shy girl who flushed and fluttered over everything and everybody. And especially over Donny.

"I wanted you for a friend the minute I saw you," she had confided to Donny.

Donny had had no such desire the minute she saw Sybil, but with Sybil looking so glad about it she had met the avowal with equal warmth.

Mrs. Cox liked to have Sybil invite her school-mates to her house. Mrs. Cox's butler, who really was just Tommy Ketchum whom everyone in Wayne knew, would bring in frothy cocoa and beautifully frosted cakes. Frequently Mrs. Cox would invite some of the boys and girls for dinner and after dinner they would play games or dance.

But Sybil was no less shy for all these gatherings. "I'd be satisfied with just you for a friend, Donny," she had said once. And then, clinging more tightly to Donny's arm: "I don't see why you like me, though. I don't do the things the rest of you do—play basketball and swim and all that."

Though Donny held such prowess her standard she had answered easily, "Why, you silly! As if those things counted—"

In February Sybil told Donny that her mother wanted her to have a Saint Valentine's party. It

was to be a big party with special music and the house decorated. Would Donny help her make out the lists?

There was more appeal in Sybil's voice than ever because she had to talk against Donny's strange tightness.

"Donny, do you think Bruce King would come if I asked him?"

Bruce King was the hero of the Wayne High School. He played football so well that already, although he was only a junior, the alumni of various colleges were approaching him with an eye to selling him the advantages of their respective institutions. He was six feet tall, square-shouldered, red-headed, but homely in features. A broken nose in one game and a broken jaw in another had not in any way helped nature.

Bruce King did not like to go to parties. Everyone knew that. Squeezed into a dinner coat or even a serge and stiff collar, he became awkward and shy.

"No. He wouldn't," Donny said abstractedly.

"But I want him to come! It would make my party a success! Donny, will you ask him?"

"Why, yes, I can ask him."

But Donny did not seem to be interested in Bruce's coming or the success of the party or, in fact, in the party at all. This was not the Donny Sybil had known and her sensitive lips drooped a little. Too, Donny had shaken off her hand where it lay in the crook of her elbow. Molly and Jean were approaching. They were smiling.

"Goodbye, Sybil. See you soon."

"Are we having our luncheon next Saturday?" Molly asked wickedly, looking meaningfully at the departing Sybil.



"If you are, you're not having it on me." But Donny walked away, troubled, a little sorry for Sybil. It was a quite new feeling for her.

Saint Valentine's Day drew nearer. Now everyone knew of the party Sybil was going to give and of the special music. And Donny knew more than that; she knew that Sybil was hurt by her attitude and that, any day, she might ask—

The invitations were written. Sybil had not asked Donny to help her write them. Donny thought about that. And Sybil did not say anything more to Donny about coaxing Bruce King to come.

"But I will!" Donny decided. She wanted, for what rea-

"I—" SHE PAUSED DRAMATICALLY, "I AM GOING TO SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH UNTIL THIS DAY A YEAR HENCE"



son she could not explain to herself, to make up to Sybil for hurting her.

She approached Bruce.

"Yes, I was invited. But I hate those shin-digs, putting on monkey clothes. I feel like a buffalo in a chicken-coop."

Forgetting, Donny laughed, her old laugh that set one up in one's eyes.

"Bruce King, you're fishing for compliments! But you've got to promise me that you'll come."

"You're trying to put it across that it'll make a difference to you whether I go or not!"

Donny drew in her breath sharply. If he'd put that as a question—well, there'd be a regular lunch served to three at "The Cookie Jar" and she would be the one to pay the bill!

"But you'll go, Bruce?"

"I'll go if you'll let me take you." Bruce grinned.

"I'd—" In her old, easy, exuberant way she was going to say, "I'd adore to go with you." And she wouldn't. She had known Bruce King almost all of her fifteen years, long before he was a hero. She would rather go with Sidney Cooper. Her face tightened.

"Yes, I'll let you take me."

"That isn't what you were going to say, Donny. But I get you. I don't suppose any girl would be especially thrilled to walk into a party with a ham like me."

Poor Donny. She really liked Bruce. She was touched by the sensitiveness he had betrayed. Afterwards she kept thinking how the grin had slowly faded from his face, as if she had hurt him.

It wasn't so easy to keep to the hard truth after all. And Donny began to feel more than a little apprehensive.

On the day before the party, Sybil Cox stopped her.

"Donny, Mother wants someone to receive with me. Of course, I'd rather have you than anyone else. There isn't anyone else, anyway. You're my best friend, though lately—" And then, seeing a curious expression flit across Donny's face, a look as though she'd like to run away, Sybil asked bluntly, "Donny, do you like me as much as you've—you've acted as if you did?"

They were in the school corridor. School was over. Donny had gone back to the study room after a book she needed. Sybil had followed her. There wasn't a chance of anyone coming along to save her. And Sybil's round blue eyes were tragic.

"Well, I like you, but—" Donny faltered.

Sybil drew sharply away. "You needn't go on, Donny. I sort of guessed. Maybe it's my fault that I thought we were really friends. I've been silly. You were so nice to me when I first came here and I'd never had a close friend before, you see. I've always thought girls didn't like me. But I'm glad you're honest about it. Only I wish—I wish

you'd been honest before!" She turned away slowly, a dignity in her diminutive figure. Then she added, "But you'll come tomorrow night, won't you?"

"Of course I'll come if you want me to," Donny said clumsily. She stood in the empty (Continued on page 42)



# When the World Is White

SUPPOSE someone asked you, "What is the greatest country for winter sports?" You

would have to answer, in all fairness, "Norway!" And why? Because Norway is the pioneer, when it comes to winter sports. This country, with its high mountains and wooded hills, with its lakes and *fjords* and rivers, offers the greatest opportunities for all winter sports. As the Gulf Stream follows all along the Norwegian coast, the climate is temperate enough not to be too cold, the way Iceland or Greenland is; and yet it is far enough north to have many months of snow and ice.

It was in Norway, when I was a child, that I first learned to go on skis, to skate and toboggan and drive a team while skiing. Norway is still the paradise of winter sports' lovers, although today many other countries—such as Switzerland, Canada, and the United States—are doing all that they can to arouse a greater interest in such sports.

When I first came to Norway as a little girl, I came from France with its sunny, genial climate, and mild winter rains. What a contrast to Norway! My first year there was strange and thrilling. First there was the summer, with long days when the sun never set. At one o'clock in the morning in

By RAGNHILD CHEVALIER

June, the sun shines as brightly as at ten o'clock in the morning here. But in winter—even in

southern Norway, where we lived—there are about three or four weeks in the middle of winter when there is no daylight at all when one leaves for school in the morning. And the farther north one goes, the longer the period of darkness; until, when one gets up to Nordland in the Arctic Circle, there are about three long months with practically no daylight at all!

Norway, of course, never has to worry about whether it will have enough snow for a good sporting season. There is always enough, and sometimes even too much. One winter while we were there, the small country houses—and even some of the large ones—were completely snowed under throughout central Norway.

The one worry of every boy and girl in any country where there are winter sports is whether there will be snow in time for the Christmas holidays. That is the all-important question. Without a few heavy snowfalls about late December, Christmas just isn't Christmas at all, in spite of all the Christmas trees and cakes and cookies, turkeys and jellied pigs' heads! Nothing can take the place of a good snowfall; and, naturally, that means a *hard* snowfall—not just a wet sleet that is no better than rain, and melts as soon as it touches the ground. This first snowfall is welcome for more reasons than one. Just before, usually for several weeks, the weather is bleak and bitterly cold, with icy winds that penetrate even the warmest clothing. Battling those sharp, bitter winds on a dark gray morning with your books under your arm, with your hands in your muff or your pockets to protect them from frost bite, you wish with all your heart that the snow would soon come and bring with it a milder temperature and all the good winter sports.

Generally speaking, there are three big seasons for winter sports: the Christmas holidays; February, with the world competitions for skiing; and the Easter holidays, particularly in the more northerly European countries. In Norway it is still winter at Easter time, and the Easter holidays are long. Therefore most boys and girls go on ski tours to some of the little log cabins in the central and northern part of the country.

Many Norwegian families own a log cabin in the mountains. These are very picturesque. They are built of tarred logs fitted together with wooden pegs, like the ancient peasants' homes. The floors are strewn with bearskins; along the walls are the built-in bunks or beds. But the most intriguing part of the cabin is the roof. It is covered with turf, where pines and birches grow in spite of winter storms. In summer one can even see cows and goats grazing on these turf roofs.

And now, what are the usual winter sports? Skiing, *ski-kjøring* (or ski-joring), tobogganing, ice skating, ice hockey, ice sailing, sleigh riding, and in some places, like Norway, what is known as going on *skreier-bakker*. The latter are hills with double runways of ice made by the skis. You go down these hills at great speed on very short skis only a foot and a half in length. These skis are much thicker than the ordinary ones that are used on snow, and they have iron runners.

Skiing is by far the most popular winter sport in Europe, and one that is being taken up more and more in the United States. Technically speaking, there is a certain trick in skiing, and, once you have mastered that, the greatest difficulty has been overcome. Novices in the

SNOWSHOE HIKING IS SPORT AT CAMP MACY, BRIARCLIFF, NEW YORK





art of skiing are always getting tangled up in their skis, which leads to shattered arms and legs. Try to keep the skis parallel, always at the same distance apart. Relax in the knees—don't be stiff—and always keep the right foot a little forward. Of course, one must not try to jump from a hill, or even glide down a steep hill, as so many beginners do, until one can handle one's skis with perfect ease on a flat road. Take a day's trip down a pine-bordered road, and over a few gently rising slopes. Then, when you have perfect confidence in yourself and your skis, experience the unparalleled thrill of

gliding swiftly down a steep hill! You will never forget it.

There are fashions in skiing, as there are fashions in any game or sport. Today we play contract bridge instead of auction; in football we play soccer instead of rugby. And so in skiing, there are two famous types—the Kristiania and the Telemarken. The latter has practically replaced the Kristiania among expert ski-jumpers of today. Likewise, some expert skiers use two iron-tipped staffs, and some use only one.

The climax of the skiing season comes in February, with the world competitions in jumping at Holmenkollen, near Oslo, in Norway; and also at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, which is getting to be a close rival of Holmenkollen. In the United States we are beginning to take an interest in similar competitions. Competitions are now being held annually at such places as Eau Claire and La Crosse, in Wisconsin, and at Tahoe in California. So far, the keenest interest in skiing has been shown in the Middle West, perhaps because so many Scandinavians have settled there.

Holmenkollen is a thrilling sight on the day of the competitions. This particular day means as much to Norwegian boys and girls as a great football game does to Americans. People come from all over the world to watch the jumping, and the hills around are a riot of color from all the flags

and banners that are flying in the wind, and all the gaily colored clothes that are worn. There is a large grandstand about midway down the bottom of the main hill, in which a stall is reserved for the King and Queen of Norway and the Court. Others, a



THESE NORWEGIAN SCHOOLGIRLS ARE STARTING ON A DAY'S SKI TOUR



SKIING, THE MOST POPULAR WINTER SPORT IN EUROPE, IS BEING TAKEN UP MORE AND MORE IN THIS COUNTRY

little lower down, are for important visitors who attend the competitions to see some of the greatest ski jumpers in the world.

Near Holmenkollen, at Frognersaeter, there is a most interesting ski museum, the only one in existence, where skis from different periods of Norwegian history have been preserved.

One of the most famous toboggan runs in Norway is also near Holmenkollen. The famous "corkscrew" run takes about four hours to walk up, and about twenty or twenty-five minutes to come down by sled or toboggan. It is a run that can be taken only by experts, for it is often covered with ice as well as snow. And then it is quite dangerous, unless the person who is steering is clever in the use of the pole. Norwegian sleds are usually cushioned, and very often long enough to hold eight or ten people. The last person on the sled steers it by means of a rod which is about eight meters in length. It takes a great deal of skill to steer a heavy sled around those winding curves and bring the load safely to the bottom.

One of the most exciting winter sports is ski-joring. This is done on the more or less level roads. Those who are especially daring even have a team, but it is exciting enough with one horse. You hold the reins, give a sign to your horse, and off you go. It sounds very easy, but you must be quite skillful to keep from falling. You have to keep your skis parallel, and when you encounter any bump or obstruction in the road, you have to jump very quickly and land with your skis the same distance apart as before. This sport is fast gaining in popularity.

Skating is also very popular. It is the one winter sport which can be indulged in even in warm climates, as there are now a great number of indoor skating rinks in most large cities. This is a sport in which both girls and boys compete, and one girl, at least, Sonia Henye, is world renowned. She holds the women's championship in skating. She is a remarkable girl. She is not satisfied to be famous in skating, but has also taken up tennis, and bids fair to be a very fine tennis player, indeed.

It is a jolly sight on a winter day to see boys and girls flying through the air, or spinning (Continued on page 48)

By E. J. CRAINE

GOOD morning, Jim!" Nadine stood in the doorway of the long stable, dressed to ride.

"It is a good morning, Miss Nadine," the tall, lanky foreman of Evermay Ranch chuckled gently. "You're an early bird. Are you and the Berts off on an adventure?"

"The twins are still in bed," she smiled. "Dad wants them to help the harvesters, so I slipped away. I want to get a bouquet of wild flowers; Mother loves them in the house. You're early yourself."

"Have to bring in a few broncs and get them ready for the rodeo next month," Jim explained. "Here's Sorrel for you." The stable boy appeared with Nadine's own beautiful horse. Sorrel nickered happily at sight of her and immediately began to nose about her pockets.

"I didn't bring you a bit of sugar," she teased, but the horse knew she had brought him something, and a moment later his search was rewarded. Nadine held an apple out to him and he bit off pieces until it was all gone.

"Ready?" she asked. He took a step back, made a bow, and she leaped into the saddle.

"You ought to enter him, Miss Nadine. He'll surely carry off the prize for tricks, he knows more than the dapples do," Jim told her as he led out his own saddle horse.

"I know it, and he learns new ones every day. Would he have a chance in the races? He's pretty swift."

"No, not a ghost of a chance. I got a bronc who is going to carry off that prize money," he answered confidently.

"Oh, have you? Which one?" she asked eagerly.

"He's ranging now. If I see him this morning I'm going to bring him in and I'll introduce you," Jim promised. The two set out at a swift pace down the ranch road and presently were galloping on the highway.

"I'd love to know him," Nadine said.

"You'll know him," Jim replied positively, but as he looked at her there was a quizzical expression in his eyes. She wondered if he were teasing her, but she couldn't see any joke about his having a prize-winning horse, so she decided that he must be in earnest. When they came to the river branch, Nadine started to turn.

"I'll be heading north," the foreman told her. "S'long!"

"I'm going to see the grain before it's cut. Hope you find your bronc. So long."

A minute later she was running swiftly across the bridge just as the first faint tinge of pink brightened the sky above the eastern Rockies.

"The sun will be up soon, so we must hurry," Nadine told her pony, who was more than willing to oblige. In a little while they were on the edge of the hundred-acre grain field on Evermay's rich bottom land, and she caught her breath with delight as she drew in the horse and gazed at the vast stretch of wheat that spread like a golden sea before her. There was a slight breeze and the tall, heavy stalks rustled and bent, for all the world like rippling waves. Not far away she saw some men working about an engine.

The workmen grinned at her cheerfully, and suddenly Nadine heard an odd noise that at first she thought must come from the machinery, but after listening a moment, she



Illustrations by Lee Townsend

## The Taming

placed it farther along and went to investigate. Sorrel had to step carefully, because in spots the land was spongy; "gumbo" the twins called it, and presently, in some tall grass, she saw a tiny head and a pair of bright button-like eyes.

"You poor babies," she said softly, slipping out of the saddle to get a closer view of the helpless creatures. She discovered three long-legged, long-necked downy birds of some kind, who seemed to think she must have brought them their breakfast. "Wonder where your mother is." She waited nearly half an hour but the mother did not appear, then, fearing the tiny things would be killed by the harvesters, she gathered them in her hat and carried them back to the workmen.

"Do you know what these are?" she asked.

"I reckon they're blue cranes. I had some once, but it's kind of late and far north for them," one answered.

"When we drove in a big bird flew off," another volunteered.

"I'll take them home. Perhaps we can feed them."

"Guess they are hungry all right, if crying is a sign."

Nadine climbed back into the saddle, holding her hat carefully, and turned Sorrel's head toward home. Soon she was galloping through the orchard and she could see the twins waiting for her on the piazza.

"Good morning, Berts. You'll never guess what I found," she shouted.

"Some beautiful quartz," Albert guessed.

"Which will make handsome bookends and doorstops," Herbert added.

In the few months since she had come to be their adopted sister, a dozen such treasures had accumulated in the house.



HE WAS MAD AS A DOZEN DEMONS, AND  
HE WAS BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD

## of Grapevine

"Not this time," she answered. "This is alive!"

Sorrel stopped and she threw the reins over his head, paused long enough to give his glossy neck a pat. "You are the best fellow. Go ask Cook for one lump of sugar." She leaped from the saddle, the pony gave his head an understanding shake, and trotted toward the back of the house.

"Ready?" Mrs. Evans called.

"Coming, Mother." The three went in together. "Look!" She put one of the cranes on the sideboard. "Their mother was scared away by the engines. Do you think we can bring them up?"

"We can try," Mrs. Evans promised. "There's a hat box in my room, Herbert. We'll put them in that for the present."

Soon the three little orphans were installed in their new quarters with the yolk of a hard boiled egg to tempt their appetites.

"I did have a beautiful time," Nadine said, as they all ate breakfast, "and the river was lovely. I like rivers, they go some place."

"You said you like mountains," Herbert reminded her.

"They stay put," Albert added.

"That's so the rivers can go some place," Nadine laughed.

"But, the mountains are wonderful!" She glanced out of the window toward the Rockies, towering magnificently on the western side of the Bitter Root Valley, and into her mind came the memory of dozens of joyous excursions on their giant boulders and through the thick evergreen forests that covered them.

"Have you all finished?" Mrs. Evans asked.

"I'm tanked up for a while," Albert answered gravely.

"I'll last for a couple of hours," Herbert added.

"Need me, Mother?" Nadine wanted to know as they rose

from the table and the men started for their work.

"No, dear, not now. Go along and watch the harvesters. You have never seen them," Mrs. Evans urged, so the girl gave her a little hug, took a moment to glance at the baby cranes, who seemed content with their quarters and entirely satisfied with the repast furnished them, then she ran off to where Sorrel was waiting.

"We are going to the granary," Herbert called.

"Where we will preside as soon as the men begin to haul."

"I haven't seen it since it was finished. I'll go along." Nadine jumped into the saddle and the three trotted off swiftly. They reached the bunk house, where the men's cook was busy with preparations for the big dinner that had to be ready at noon. He waved a dripping spoon at them as they dashed past. On they went to the long corral and Nadine noticed

that the heavy bars were down. Almost immediately she heard the stamp of racing hoofs.

"Hi, Berts, head 'em in!" It was Jim, and he was riding behind slowly so the herd would not be frightened and scatter.

"Ki-ee," the twins answered, wheeling swiftly toward the bars, where they waited for the advancing broncs, who shied at sight of them sitting alert and ready.

"Ki-ee," they yelled again, and the horses, heads high and tails flying, stampeded through the opening.

"Thanks," called Jim. He swung himself from the saddle and quickly put the bars in place. Nadine's attention was attracted to the horse the foreman had ridden. It was a roan, spotted irregularly with white, a white mark started uncertainly between his ears, as if something had been splashed or spilled all the way to his nose, and his whole coat was sprinkled casually, without regard to symmetry. He had two spindly front legs; the other pair was heavier, but his sides were gaunt, as if he had been worked too long or too hard. Nadine examined him in surprise. He was the first thing she had seen at Evermay Ranch which did not seem to be well cared for.

"See you brought in Grapevine," said Herbert with a grin.

"Entering him as a beauty exhibit at the rodeo?" Albert asked.

"All he needs is a bob and a manicure," Jim retorted. "Your dad wants me to start breaking these fellows."

"That's a show you shouldn't miss," Albert told Nadine.

"We don't do it often and you never can tell when you may want to break a bronc," said his brother.

"But I can't see two things at once," Nadine protested.

"Come on, Sorrel, let's beat them to the granary." The pony



promptly leaped away, but, although he was willing, the dapples were also swift, and as the three tore along the ranch road, they kept neck to neck.

"Our honor was at stake, Fair Sister," Herbert explained, as they reached the granary.

"Dap and Dell have never been beaten," Albert declared proudly.

"I expect you were generous to let me keep up with you," Nadine retorted. "Now show me where you are going to work."

"With pleasure," Albert agreed.

"We comply," ended Herbert.

The granary was new, the tallest building on the ranch; about five stories high, constructed with a heavy log base and the upper part of weather-stained pine. The door was wide enough to admit a team and truck if necessary, there were air spaces at the bottom, but all of the windows were near the top, except an especially big one, which was about half way up. In this was fitted a large rectangular box into which some men were carefully adjusting, at a steep incline, a deep open shoot. Nadine's eyes followed this to where it rested on a high platform. On the ground, directly under it, stood a windlass, operated by an engine that was placed under the runway, and she counted fifteen metal containers, each large enough to hold a hundredweight, suspended at equal intervals on chains that ran over a broad wheel above the platform and down the opposite side.

"That is to be my august brother's elevated position," Albert explained. "He's to see that the buckets dump their cargoes into the shoot."

"Come inside," invited Herbert. Nadine followed. It hardly seemed possible that there could be grain enough in the whole state of Montana to fill so many great bins. She noticed a narrow platform half-way up the wall where the shoot entered the building.

"And here," said Herbert, "is my humble position. I am to station myself there and guide the stuff to its proper destination."

"It must be lots of fun to do work like that. I wish I were a boy—"

"Oh, you mustn't," Albert cut in quickly.

"Suppose you should get your wish?" Herbert exclaimed.

"It would break Mother's heart!"

"And all three of us would have to hunt for another girl."

"You are first class teasers. Now, I'm going to watch the grain thrashed and you may not come with me!"

"Alas, we cannot."

"Here comes the first load."

A huge truck was lumbering up the road as they came out of the building, so the boys ran to their stations, their ponies having already trotted off to the

stable; the girl climbed aboard Sorrel and set out over the way they had just traversed. At the long corral, Grapevine was still standing as if he would drop in his tracks but Nadine's attention was diverted to what was going on inside the enclosure. Jim had just vaulted onto a huge, beautiful, blue roan. She wondered if it was the prize-winner he brought in. The cowboy who had been holding it, let go and dodged quickly. For a brief instant the bronc stood still and stiff, then its back arched, like an infuriated cat's, and it leaped into the air as if it were made with a hundred highest powered springs.

Nothing Nadine had ever witnessed in a circus or rodeo could equal it, and it seemed as if her eyes were not nearly sharp enough to follow the lightning-like movements of the horse which was trying, with angry determination, to rid himself of his rider. Jim did not use a quirt, but he stuck in the saddle with a persistence that made the animal angrier by the instant.

"Did you ever act like that?" Nadine asked her own pony, then recalling that Sorrel had never been on the range, she added, "You probably didn't, you were raised a pet, so you were never afraid of people." She petted his neck then glanced again at the tempestuous struggle. "He'll surely be shaken to pieces!" Somehow, she didn't like it and soon she lured Sorrel away and galloped down the road by the house.

"Have a good time," Mrs. Evans smiled and waved from the flower garden.

Into the highway the two rushed, a second time that morning, whirled up the road, over the bridge, then to the grain field. Three huge tractors were now making their way around the outer edge, each leaving a wide swath of short stubble in its wake. For half an hour she watched the performance with lively interest. The men sang, whistled, and called cheerily to each other as they worked, the air grew thick with fine chaff, and slowly the long field grew narrower as the grain bowed before the reapers. It was all very fascinating, but finally, with a reluctant sigh, Nadine turned her pony's head and started for the ranch house.

Presently she was again riding past the corral, which was empty, but Grapevine still stood dejectedly near the bars.

"Wonder what it would feel like to ride him." The idea made her laugh, but she went on to the stable where she left Sorrel with the boy and started to walk back.

"You poor fellow," she said gently to Grapevine when she neared the corral. The poor fellow evidently did not know that she was on earth for he never flickered an eyelash as she walked around him, then again into her mind popped the thought of riding him. Nadine was sure it would seem  
(Continued on page 31)

IN A LITTLE WHILE THEY WERE ON THE  
EDGE OF THE HUNDRED-ACRE GRAIN FIELD





# Taking It Easy

A PAIR of shoes lasts longer if they rest periodically on shoe trees. A machine wears better if it's given its regular times off. And so you and I, too, live longer and look immeasurably better if we manage to vary our activities with little spells of taking it easy.

All work and no play, they say, makes Jack a dull boy. And it's just as true that all rushing about and no resting between makes Jill an old woman before her time. Perhaps the greatest beauty measure open to all of us is relaxation. And how many people are there who take advantage of it?

Of course, the simplest way to relax is to sleep, provided you sleep in a relaxed position. Some people do not. They put in eight, nine or ten hours in an unconscious state, but they wake up just as tired as when they went to bed. Experts nowadays say what counts is not only how long, but also *how* you sleep. You should not wait till you are completely worn out before going to bed. You should not be worried, cross or over-excited. It's unwise to eat heavy or indigestible food late at night. If you're very hungry, however, a glass of warm milk often helps you to sleep easily.

Your spring and mattress should be comfortable, your sheets smoothly laid, your covers adequate, but not too heavy. Your room should be airy and quiet. It's better for your figure not to use a pillow. And it's an advantage to your insides if you find it comfortable to sleep on your front with your face turned enough to make breathing easy.

It is quite true that some people naturally require less sleep than others. They use up less energy, fatigue themselves less readily. It's also true, however, that you can skimp on sleep till you fool yourself that you don't need it. People can do this with their food till they just about starve themselves. And with sleep it's no less dangerous. We all need plenty of sleep, particularly those of us who live in towns where there's a great deal of noise and excitement, and even more particularly those of you who are still growing and maturing. This is one of the first lessons in how to be healthy and handsome.

And now let's talk about naps! You may think that you permanently outgrew the need for them when you graduated from being a baby. Or that they belong to your far-off future as well as your past. But you're wrong. Naps are marvelous

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*

Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell

relaxing beautifiers which you can't afford to ignore. If you haven't the nap habit, I urge you to acquire it before you're any older. It's something that will stay by you.

Naps are best after luncheon or at the end of the day before the evening meal. They needn't be very long, and it's not really important whether you really sleep so long as you aim to and put yourself in the mood. Try not to think about bothersome things, but don't make the mistake of trying too hard to sleep. The effort will prevent your relaxing.

It's best when you lie down for a nap to open the windows, loosen your clothes and put some sort of cover over you. Some people relax more readily in a darkened room, and almost everybody does better at it if away from the noise of the telephone or family conversation.

It is not really necessary, of course, to go to bed to relax. You can relax riding in a car, waiting for a train, or even sitting in a dentist's chair, if once you get the system. It's partly a question of not worrying or being afraid, and it's partly a physical trick. Some people say you can do it by deep breathing.

Certainly that speeds up the circulation, helps to rid the body of its poisons and gives you an energetic feeling, while at the same time it forces you to think about your breathing and forget any worries you may have. Some people relax by way of active exercise, which tires the muscles and diverts the mind. Others do it by alternating active exercises with very relaxed periods. And still others have a system worked out by which they seem to be able to make themselves go limp at will.

The back of the neck is the place where most people get tense and tired. You'll see them all about you—their shoulders hunched up, head perched a little forward, an anxious look in their eyes. If you see yourself that way, try this:

Let your head drop forward, chin on your chest, and roll it to the right, back and around again to the left and then to the front, as *sloppily* as you can. Now reverse the direction and roll from left to back, to right, to front. This often has the effect of helping your whole body to relax in sympathy.

Another relaxer which has a pleasantly restful effect upon the body is the following: (Continued on page 41)



YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO IGNORE THE BEAUTIFYING NAP



THEY BOTH SAT FACING THEIR WALLS

# The Nerve Trainers

*An English school story by*

E. K. ENSDAILE



THEY STARED AT THEIR CHILDISH BOOKS

THE atmosphere of Rawchester did not seem conducive to virtue that term. Mark Cordovra and her friend Nest Jones, commonly known as Spi from the spidery meanderings of her long thin arms and legs, fell out of one scrape into another. Mark said it was the weather; Spi said it was fate; Helena Linnet, a friend to both, said it was their own idiotic selves. Nerve training was Spi's idea. She was very keen on her House—Everett. She said that if ever they were to do anything for it they must train their nerve. But how? Well, they must do dangerous things and come through them without turning a hair like Elvire in *Dead-man's Drift* and Bow Peke in *Crossing the Rockies*, and Blake Senior in *Blake to the Rescue*.

"I wish I were a boy," she said. "They get such chances at training their nerve."

"How?"

"Well, they get caned for one thing. And they can practice not flinching under that."

"What a joke if Kenny decided to cane us."

"A jolly sight better than nagging," growled Spi, who was still smarting from two or three of Kenny's home truths. "A fellow would know where she was then."

"I should hate it," said gentle Cora Wellersby.

"It wouldn't ever happen to you, Chicken. Only to bold bad fellows like Mark and me," said Spi.

The gym was, Spi decided, a good place for training nerve. She and Mark would creep in after hours and do things on apparatus which, had she known, would have turned Miss Allardyce's hair gray. Balance was the thing to acquire according to Spi. So when they had exhausted the means which the gym afforded of balancing on their feet or on their heads they turned to bicycles. Nothing like bikes for balancing tricks. Mark and Spi became the most celebrated "dirt track" racers in Everett House. They would mount bikes and practice racing round and round in ever narrowing circles until at last the machines would assume a perilous slant. They would time themselves and establish records day by day, growing more and more reckless as they became more and more proficient.

One day Margaret Thorp, captain of games, passed by while a demonstration was in progress. Mark had an admiration for Margaret and it was written in Mark's book of fate that whenever she tried to show off she should come to grief. Without exactly meaning to she began to show off now. Faster and faster went the bike. Faster and faster and round and round as, with a skill which gave her a thrill of triumphant pleasure, Mark gave a thrust with her foot to make it circle. She watched Margaret out of the corner of her eye. Whether or not her attention was thus slightly dis-

tracted from the matter in hand or whether the fates intervened it is impossible to say, but in the midst of a showy maneuver the bike heeled the fraction of an inch too much and off came Mark with a crash, the bike on the top of her. She scrambled to her feet, too much infuriated by the indignity of the fall to know whether or not she was hurt.

"Have you hurt yourself?" asked Margaret.

"Not a bit, thanks," said Mark. It was a strict rule in the great code of nerve training never to admit hurt.

"Your leg looks pretty bad."

Mark looked down to find an enormous tear in her stocking and blood coming from a cut in her leg.

"You must go to Matron and have it bound up."

"Not jolly likely."

"You will though."

"She'd fuss over me for half an hour. No fear."

Margaret looked at her.

"If I say you must I'm afraid you'll have to."

"I shan't."

The words slipped out before Mark had time to check them. What had she done? Said "shan't" to the captain of games and head prefect—moreover to a person she admired very much. She bit her lip.

"I'm sorry," said Margaret tranquilly, "but I'm afraid if you won't walk in a dignified manner I shall get two or three of the sixth to carry you there."

"They'll have to catch me then," said Mark impulsively and off she ran disguising a limp—for the cut was painful—as best she might.

Spi discovered her by the boathouse an hour later looking and feeling rather flat.

"You are an ass," said Spi, comfortingly.

"Well, I wasn't going to be taken to Matron as though I were in the second form."

"She would only have tied it up, silly, and now see what you've landed yourself in, for Margaret is furious and the Mule is furious. Do you realize you've missed maths?"

"Golly!"

"I've covered it up as well as I can, but she wants to see you. And Margaret Thorp wants to see you, too. I should go to her first. She's more important than a mistress."

"I shan't go to her," said Mark.

"Well, she'll come to you, that's all," said Spi. "And you'll be made to feel very silly. Margaret never stands any cheek. What on earth made you say 'shan't' to her? It sounded awful."

"I don't know," said Mark. "I didn't mean to."

"Well, go and tell her so, for goodness' sake."

"I shan't," said Mark.

Illustrations by  
Merrill  
de Maris

BY THIS TIME MISS  
KENNINGSBY HAD  
NOTICED MARK.  
SHE JUMPED BACK  
AND CAUGHT HOLD  
OF MISS FERNLY

"There you are again. You've got a regular habit of it, Marcus. Here's Margaret coming. I shall tell her you've caught 'shan't' like measles. I say, Margaret," she said, "Mark can't help it. She's caught the 'shan'ts.' It's a germ, I believe. Don't you think she'd better go over to Matron?"

"I do," twinkled Margaret. She liked Spi and she liked Mark and had no mind for a row royal with either of them. This might be an easy way out of the affair.

"Come on then, Marcus. Don't give them to me as we go. You'll have to be dosed, no doubt, and the first dose will be to say 'sorry' to Margaret Thorp. Hurry up now. Drink it down like a good child."

Mark was crimson, but Spi was irresistible in this mood. She looked at Margaret, gulped and said, "Sorry, Margaret. I—was an—ass."

"Course you were," said Spi cheerfully. "However, you've taken that very well. Now we'll go to Matron."

Mark went like a lamb, had her leg bathed, and listened to Matron's long discourse on the foolishness of this new game on the bicycles. Then she came out feeling much more pleased with herself and the world. Margaret Thorp was in the corridor.

"I say, Margaret, I am sorry truly. I wasn't just saying it."

"Righto," said Margaret amiably.

With a little further tact on Spi's part, Miss

Mulintyre was placated also, and then before the two friends had time to breathe they found themselves in the hottest of hot water again.

It was still the result of nerve training. Spi was never tired of insisting that one day, no doubt, they would find themselves walking a plank over a giddy abyss, with mountains poking up here and there to crow over them if they lost their heads.

"The important thing is to be prepared," Spi would say and she would walk along the top of a five-barred gate or any convenient narrow piece of fencing declaring that five hundred feet below on either hand there was a raging torrent waiting for her broken bones if her nerve should fail. She and Mark would practice on bannisters, mantelpieces and window ledges and any other narrow surface which presented difficulty, but soon all these were too simple for them. They wanted something difficult and dangerous. It was at this point that Spi's eye fell upon the ledge of the balcony.

"What's that ledge for round the balcony," she said, "if it isn't a nerve trainer? Mark, I challenge you to walk upright around it."

The ledge in question was a flat-topped wooden railing which skirted a balcony or upper corridor. Below this balcony was a sheer drop of about twenty feet into the hall.

"Don't be an ass, Spi. You'd break your neck if you fell," said Linnie.

But Mark was eager.

"Rather!" she said. "I accept, Spi."

"When for?"

"When aren't there any mistresses about?"

"Any afternoon at five."

"Tomorrow then."

"Righto."

Tomorrow saw them in gym shoes prepared for the fray.

"Who'll try first?"

"Toss up."

Spi won the toss. She mounted the ledge, looked down, and for a moment

(Continued on page 38)







ONION SOUP, THAT FAMOUS THRIFTY FRENCH DISH, IS POPULAR HERE, TOO—AND EASY TO MAKE

# Hot Dishes for Cold Nights

**T**HIS month I am attempting to kill two birds with one stone.

First, I want to introduce some simple but delicious hot supper dishes for winter nights; second to suggest ways of adapting meals to a small food budget—that is by concocting delicious dishes that cost very little.

Let us hope that you all like onions, for my first dish is onion soup. Once upon a time the onion was known as the vulgar vegetable, and it was considered positively inelegant to admit that you liked onions even if you did.

But times have changed. Last summer in a camp where we were living on a very limited budget, the first question asked each newcomer was, "Do you like onions?" And not once did we receive a negative answer. Everybody liked onions.

We know more about the nutritive value of foods—that the onion is not only one of our most flavorful but one of our most wholesome vegetables. We have also learned how to cook onions. By cooking them in an uncovered pot and cooking them only until done we produce a vegetable that is delicious. And last and by no means least, onions are among our cheapest vegetables and when the budget is low, onions should hold a high place in the daily dietary.

Onion soup is a grand hot supper dish for a cold night.

## Onion Soup

2 tablespoons butter or other fat	seasoning
2 cups onions sliced very thin	rounds of hard toast
1 pint stock or water to cover	grated cheese

Peel and slice the onions very thin. (Afterward, rub your fingers with a little lemon or a slice of potato to remove the onion odor.) Melt the fat in a saucepan. Add the onions and toss about until they are a golden brown. Now add your stock and a pinch of sugar. If you haven't any stock, make your own by adding two or three bouillon cubes to two cups of water and stirring until the cubes are dissolved. Cook uncovered until the onions are tender, adding more water if the liquid boils away. In the meantime, cut slices or rounds of bread. Toast these until hard

By WINIFRED MOSES

Illustration by Kathleen Voute

and butter them. Grate cheese, a lot of it—the best cheese to use is the hard, dry Parmesan—although if you haven't this, use plain American. When the onions are tender, season if necessary.

Add more liquid if the soup seems too thick.

The other night when I had this soup in a famous restaurant "where statesmen dine" it came to the table in little marmites, those brown dishes that look like a glorified custard cup with ears, but hold about three times as much as a good-sized custard cup. The whole top was covered with grated cheese. However, while these little marmites give an air of distinction to your thrifty dish, it tastes quite as good when served in bowls or soup plates.

To serve onion soup, put one or two rounds of the buttered toast in each of two bowls or soup plates. Pour half the soup in one and half in the other. Sprinkle the top of each liberally with grated cheese and serve at once. Extra toast should be served with this. Either caramel custards or apple turnovers may be served as a dessert.

Another way to make the onion soup is to cook the onions in water until done, then add two cups of milk. While the milk is heating, cream one tablespoon of flour with one of fat and one-half teaspoon of salt. Dilute to a smooth paste with a little hot milk. Then stir into the soup. When it boils, season with a little celery salt. Set it back where it will keep hot, but not burn. Slice another half cup of onions. Put a little fat into a frying pan. Add the onions and cook until tender. Pour the soup into bowls and put a tablespoon or two of the fried onions into the middle of each. Other chopped left-over vegetables—diced carrots or a little cauliflower or a few green peas, or a few lima beans—may be used instead of the onion.

Even better, while your onions are cooking, cut slices of bread about a half inch thick, butter and sprinkle liberally with grated cheese. Set the slices in a shallow pan, and then cut them into half-inch cubes. Put the cubes into the oven until brown and the cheese melted. When serving the soup, cover the top with these delicious golden brown tidbits. Crisp minced bacon, noodles or slices of hard cooked egg may also be used. (Continued on page 36)



# Polly What's-Her-Name

POLLY hesitated upon the stair landing to gaze over the Applebys' banister at the festive scene below. Someone was at the piano and the girls in gay dresses had gathered around it. There was the hum of happy chatter above the sound of music, and unconsciously Polly's lips curved into a smile.

"Ready to go down?" asked a voice.

The girl turned to find Jerry Hall, looking handsomer than ever, smiling down at her. "Ye-es," she hesitated, "only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, I don't know those people very well. I thought I'd wait for Jane."

"Won't I do as well as Miss Drake? I know everyone down there and you will, too, after you've met them." Jerry nodded at her.

Jerry was right. Propelled by her elbow through the groups of young people as Jerry, his own shyness dropped among old friends, presented them all to her, it was scarcely five minutes before Polly felt quite at home. Tom Appleby, tall and broad-shouldered, bending over the piano keys, looked up with such friendly eyes that Polly remained beside him, watching the dexterous hands that could draw the lilting melodies from mere wood and wire, as it seemed to her. He looked up at her as he played.

"Skate?"

Polly shook her head, wishing she did. "Like to dance?"



"OH," SAID POLLY, "IT'S HEAVENLY! EXACTLY LIKE WHAT YOU READ ABOUT!"

Again Polly shook her head. Dancing, up to now, with fat, agile M'sieur Pierre, had been rather a hard matter of following his steps and keeping time to the music—quite different from the spontaneous fun of that Highland Fling back in the kitchen at Fairview.

Looking a little surprised at her answers, Tom Appleby continued to play and to question. "Drive a car?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you walk, don't you?"

"Of course," Polly laughed. And Tom looked nettled.

"Oh, I mean long walks — mountain hikes. Real tramping."

"Well, I've never done any mountain climbing—yet." Then Polly knew, by the discordant crash upon piano keys and Tom's scarlet face that he had suddenly remembered what his mother had told him.

"Now mind, Tom, try to make Jane Drake's new sister at home. Don't be as absent-minded as you generally are and call her an orphan!"

But before the chagrined host could open his mouth to try to mend matters, Jerry spoke behind Polly. "Want to see something pretty, Miss Polly?"

Polly, giving poor Tom a consoling look followed Jerry to a big window overlooking a valley, flooded with silvery moonlight across snow.

"Oh!" said Polly, "It's heavenly! It's really exactly like what you read about!"

"Never been to the mountains before?" asked Jerry, his hands in his pockets. He looked in surprise at the girl standing awed beside him.

"Never. I've never been any—" Polly stopped. Suddenly, she found herself resenting those long, drab years at Fairview Orphan Asylum. She glanced around at the other girls, careless, jolly, well-dressed. They had always been so. Why should she have been singled out to spend her childhood without all the things that seem to make life worth while?

Then, as though in silent, unconscious reminder, the light pressure of someone's hand upon her shoulder made Polly look up. It was Jane, gazing out over the beautiful scene spread below her. And Polly felt a little start of shame go through her. Beneath the friendly weight of Jane's hand, Polly squared her slender shoulders, resolving not to let the ugly thoughts return.

The Applebys gave what they called a "doings" after dinner that night, inviting all of the young people for miles around, in addition to their house guests. Polly called it a party, for there were dancing and ping-pong and backgammon and, toward the end of the evening, a delightful supper. Polly, remembering the enormous dinner she had eaten, was amazed to find herself hungrily consuming chicken paté, tiny fancy sandwiches, ice cream in enchanting forms of Christmas trees and bells and Santa Clauses—a hang-over from Christmas, explained Tom lazily—as though she had eaten nothing at all four hours previously.

Jane, watching her between Jerry and Tom, turned to Mrs. Appleby. "What do you think of my experiment, Grace?" she asked abruptly. "Isn't it turning out well?"

"What? Oh, you mean Polly?" Mrs. Appleby looked toward her son and his companions. "Why, Jane, I think she's a dear child. Don't believe you could have found any nicer one if you had searched years. I honestly don't."

"I think so, too." Jane Drake nodded her head.

"Jane—" Mrs. Appleby leaned toward her guest, all at once. Her manner was hesitant and Jane, knowing her to be usually extremely frank, looked at her in surprise. "I don't want to seem intrusive, but you have as your house guest an Isobel Dalton?"

Jane stiffened. "Yes, I met her at the hotel where I stopped after you left Florida. Why?"

Mrs. Appleby glanced uncertainly toward her husband. Thomas had told her of his talk with Mr. King, who had been full of uneasiness concerning Jane's picking up this stranger, Isobel Dalton, and had told her also to use her own judgment about warning Jane how unwise she had been. But perhaps Mr. King, who was getting old and fussy, was making a mountain out of a mole-hill. After all, he had allowed Jane to be equally casual about Polly, had gone himself to arrange about her adoption while Jane had been far away, although Polly's visit was to be what you might call for life, and it seemed to be turning out all right. So why worry?

Mrs. Appleby smiled and shook her head. "Why?" she repeated lightly. "Nothing, my dear. I really feel a little guilty for not asking you to bring her with you. Although the house party is such a youthful one she might not have enjoyed it."

Jane, remembering certain impatient glances Miss Dalton had given Polly, smiled. "No," she answered drily, "I don't believe she would have enjoyed such a young crowd."

But Polly, with her pink cheeks, when Jane came later to the room which they were sharing, looked as though she had been enjoying herself.

"Lots of fun tonight, Polly?" Jane, helping the younger girl to lift her evening dress over her head, smiled down into the dreaming eyes.

Polly gave a start. "I felt exactly like Cinderella all evening," she confessed in a low tone. "Only a comfortable Cinderella, because I knew that even if the clock did strike

midnight it couldn't change anything, that I'd either be still right there in the Applebys' game room batting that silly, little ping-pong ball at Jerry or else up here getting ready for bed!"

"Mercy, it's midnight!" Jane sat down to remove her slippers. "Remember, young lady, you can't sleep late tomorrow—not if you're going to climb old Mauchchunk with us. We are to start at eight-thirty, I believe."

"What fun!" Polly cried. "A real mountain climb!"

Instantly, through a transom over a door opening into an adjacent room, for the house was a big, old-fashioned one, chanted some girlish voices, "No more noise! No more noise! No more noise! *We're asleep!*"

Polly giggled and tore off the rest of her clothing, slipped into pajamas and, making a dive into one of the room's twin beds, murmured a sleepy goodnight. Yes, she thought to herself happily, house parties were fun!

The next morning a rap upon her door brought Polly bolt upright in bed. She stared dazedly around her, for dreams had carried her back to Fairview and it was strange not to see the familiar walls of the little girls' dormitory around her. As sleep cleared away, however, she remembered where she was and leaned over Jane's bed.

"Time to get up!" she called softly. But not softly enough. For as Jane struggled back to consciousness, reproachful voices from next door began to chant.

"Too much noise! Too much noise! *We're asleep!*"

Polly stalked over to the connecting door and tried to open it. But the door was locked on the other side. Instantly, the voices laughed in unison.

"Fooled you! Fooled you!"

"Wait until later," called Polly through the keyhole, in a threatening voice. "There are such things as snow balls in this world, you know."

"We don't believe in playing in the snow," said a prim voice from the other side of the door.

Jane laughed. And swinging herself out of bed, stretched and yawned. "No chance for a tub this morning," she said ruefully then. "I imagine that gang in there is using the bath that belongs to these two rooms."

Polly struck her forehead disgustedly. "I am good!" she cried, meaning the reverse. "I could have gone through the bathroom and reached that uppity crowd in the next room that way."

But the bathroom door into Jane's and Polly's room, too, was locked, so there was a scramble for tubbing and toothbrush drill when at last it was opened.

Three girls, who occupied their adjoining room, met Polly and Jane arm in arm when they ran downstairs later.

"We're sorry to make you late for breakfast!" they apologized.

Tom, speaking over their shoulders as he stood behind them, grinned at Polly. "They're not a bit sorry," he told her.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Because they pull that same stunt at every house party Mother asks them to," he explained. "They always demand that room and when they get it, treat everyone who occupies your room the same way."



At this, the three girls dissolved their arm clasp and pursued Tom as he leaped backward out of their reach. Jerry, who had sauntered up in time to hear Tom's last words, smiled at Polly and Jane.

"Morning, Miss Drake. Morning, Polly. It's really Mil Lawson who's the wicked ring-leader. She's Tom's cousin."

"Yes, I know." Jane smiled at him as she moved toward the dining room. "I think I heard the breakfast gong some time ago," she added. "Better come, Polly, if you're going on that hike with us. You'll want a good, hearty breakfast."

Three hours or so later Polly, who had been climbing steadily beside Jerry up Mauchchunk, paused to look back over the panorama spread out before her when she turned.

"Gorgeous, isn't it!" Jerry's gaze had followed hers. He pulled out a handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

"It's almost too gorgeous! I guess you have to get used to mountain scenery. I thought last night was just wonderful, but this valley, with those blue mountains behind it and the fir trees with snow on them and the sunlight over all—it almost takes your breath away!"

"Sure it isn't from climbing?" Jerry laughed as he restored his handkerchief to his pocket. And laughed still more when Polly made a face at him.

"But where are the others?" Polly became serious.

"Down below—coming around that clump of fir trees," Jerry pointed out. "We beat them, all right."

"Well, we are good climbers, aren't we!" exclaimed Polly elatedly. "Or else the rest are particularly slow ones. Tell me," she regarded Jerry's knapsack with ravenous interest, "is that part of the lunch you are carrying? Because if it is, don't you think it would be much easier if we both carried it?"

Jerry laughed at her. "What big eyes you have, Grandmother!" he quoted mockingly. "No, there are to be no meals until we get to the top of Mauchchunk. I promised Tom, on my honor."

"Well, this is fun, anyway," said Polly, turning

to climb again. "And I wouldn't have you tarnish your honor even by one little sandwich, although," she sighed, "I'm simply starving to death and you'll probably have to carry me the rest of the way."

It was fun, every inch of the way. And when the peak of old Mauchchunk was reached and they were all standing around the blazing fire the boys built, never before were such delicious sandwiches consumed as those which were produced from certain knapsacks. Jane kept murmuring, "Look at that view!" But no one seemed to pay the slightest attention.

It was fun slipping, sliding back down the trail, too, although Polly, to her astonishment, found it more tiresome than climbing.

And it was fun, later, to nap beside Jane, fun to go down to dinner at a candle-lit table, fun, also, that night to dance and the next day to go to the little village church and come back to eat roast beef and Yorkshire pudding in honor of Mr. Appleby, who was an Englishman, and fun to spend the long, lazy Sunday afternoon talking and singing and popping corn.

But although it was fun, curiously it revived again that desire in Polly to know who she was. Everyone seemed so confident in that house—so sure of his or her niche. And so it was, when Jane came upstairs, she found Polly curled up on the bed, staring into space.

"Well, my dear," Jane's voice was purposely casual and cheerful, "too tired and excited to go to sleep?"

Polly shook her head. "No, I was just thinking. Jane—?"

Jane, slipping out of her evening gown, glanced over at the note of questioning, almost of pleading, in Polly's voice. "Yes, dear?" she asked. "What is it?"

"Jane, would it be too much bother (Continued on page 43)



For what has happened so far in this story, see page forty-six

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

JERRY LAUGHED AT HER. "WHAT BIG EYES YOU HAVE, GRANDMOTHER!" HE QUOTED MOCKINGLY. "NO, THERE ARE TO BE NO MEALS UNTIL WE GET TO THE VERY TOP"





THAT WAS ALL THE PLEADING THOSE POLICEMEN NEEDED

*A new adventure  
of the inimitable  
Jo Ann comes to  
an end in this  
second part of a  
two-part story by*

ELLIS  
PARKER  
BUTLER

*Illustrations by Garrett Price*

THE FEUD between Jo Ann and Tommy is on again. She has just arrived home with Wicky for Christmas and is discussing her holiday plans with her mother who has come to meet the girls in the car. "And, Mother," says Jo Ann, "I don't want to bother with Tommy Bassick this Christmas. Everything is really too lovely, Mother. If only he leaves me alone and doesn't try any of his smart tricks."

Just then they meet Tommy coming out of one of the stores carrying a large package. When he sees them, he turns beet red and swings the package behind his back. Jo Ann guesses that the suspicious-looking package is one of his smart tricks and warns him that she will have none of his nonsense.

On Christmas morning when all the members of Jo Ann's family go into the living room to pick up their presents from their particular corners, they find Jo Ann's presents—some of them valuable ones—gone from her end of the couch. Immediately Tommy is suspected and Jo Ann's father, provoked and angry, leaves the house to go over to the Bassicks.

While he is gone Mary, the cook, walks over to the piano to get her own presents. She hears a peculiar thumping and when they all look behind the piano, they find Tommy Bassick, his arms and legs tied and his mouth gagged, thumping on the floor with the back of his head.

## PART II

Jo Ann's mother, when she saw Tommy Bassick lying behind the piano with his hands and legs tied and his mouth stopped with a gag, cried out in alarm. The boy was trussed like a turkey that is ready for the oven. To find a boy unexpectedly behind a piano, bound and gagged, on Christmas morning, would startle anyone, and to find a boy in that place and state just after a burglary had been discovered was even more shocking. That Jo Ann's mother did not scream louder was a sign that she had good nerves.

"Why, it's Tommy! It's Tommy Bassick!" gasped Wicky.

"I'll say it is!" said Jo Ann, grimly if slangily. "Tom Bassick, what are you doing behind that piano?"

For answer Tommy could do nothing but roll his eyes. The gag prevented him from making any intelligible sound.

"Mary, help me move the piano out," Jo Ann's mother said to the cook. "The boy may be suffering. Jo Ann, help us pull the piano."

Together the two women and the two girls moved the piano out far enough to let Tommy be pulled from behind it. His arms and legs were tied so completely that he could not stand and they placed him on the end of the couch from which Jo Ann's presents had vanished during the night.

Mary and Jo Ann's mother first removed the gag. To gag him a wad of black cloth had been pushed into his mouth, filling it, and to hold it there a strip of the same black cloth had been tied around his face, knotted at the back of his head. As soon as the cloth was untied from around his head Tommy spat out the gag. He coughed and retched.

"Quick, Mary—a pail!" cried Jo Ann's mother. "He's going to be sick."

But Tommy was not sick. He choked and gasped and coughed again.

"Water! Drink!" he begged when he had choked and coughed, and Wicky ran to get a glass of water. She held it to his mouth and he sipped a little and then drank.

"More?" Wicky asked.

"No," Tommy gasped. "That's plenty. Untie my wrists. They hurt."

To untie his wrists they had to turn him over, for his hands were tied behind his back. Mary had hurried to get a knife from the breakfast table to cut the stout cords, but Jo Ann stopped her when she was about to use it.

"No," Jo Ann said. "Let me untie the knots. I want to keep this cord. I know what Tommy is going to say—he'll say someone tied him and put him behind the piano."

"Someone did," said Tommy. "A man caught me and tied me and threw me behind the piano."

"There! You hear that, Mother?" Jo Ann said partly in triumph and partly in scorn. "I knew he would say that. He's innocent, of course! He didn't come and play a trick on me, taking my presents—"

She stopped in the midst of her angry flow of words. "Wicky," she said in quite another tone, "look at this knot."

"What about it?" Wicky asked, bending down to look. "Don't you see?" Jo Ann asked. "He couldn't have tied this knot himself. The cord is tied around his wrists first,



# Jo Ann's Christmas Mystery

and then around his waist, and then around his ankles. And the knot is at the back of his wrists where his fingers couldn't tie it. Somebody tied him!"

Jo Ann's father came in then. Even before he shut the front door he spoke.

"Tommy's not there," he said. "His bed was not slept in. His father and mother are telephoning the police. Why, what—"

He gave one glance at the red-headed Tommy and ran to the telephone in the hall, calling Tommy's parents and telling them that the boy was safe. A moment later he was back in the room and helping to untie Tommy, and a minute later than that Mr. and Mrs. Bassick came running across through the rapidly melting snow and increased the group around the boy with the sore wrists. In short order they had the cord entirely untied and Tommy was seated where Jo Ann's presents had once been, with his father and mother rubbing his numb arms and legs while Mary hurried to get him something to eat. It was a most unusual Christmas morning.

"And now," said Jo Ann, when Tommy was eating a bowl of cereal and milk, "I want to know where my presents are. You know where they are, Tommy Bassick, and you needn't pretend you don't."

"Speak up, Tommy," said Mr. Bassick. "Someone took all Jo Ann's Christmas presents—off this couch, wasn't it?—and it looks to me as if some explaining had to be done. How did it happen that you were behind the piano here?"

"Tell us the whole thing," said Jo Ann's father. "Is it some sort of trick you're playing on Jo Ann?"

Tommy handed the empty bowl to Mary. He grinned sheepishly and looked up at Jo Ann, and then, without grinning, at the grown folks.

"I wasn't doing anything much," he said. "I was just bringing Jo Ann a present."

"There!" exclaimed Jo Ann. "Didn't I say so? Didn't I say he was up to one of his smarty tricks?"

"Just let him tell it, Jo Ann," said her mother. "Go on, Tommy."

"Well, I had a present I wanted to give Jo Ann," said Tommy, not looking at anybody. "I thought I'd give her a Christmas present. I had a right to do that, didn't I? So I—well, I brought it over."

"What time?" Jo Ann asked.

"Midnight. I guess it was about midnight," Tommy said. "Anyway, I waited until I thought everybody would be in bed and asleep because I knew that if Jo Ann saw me bringing a present she would say, 'No, thank you! I don't want any present from you!'"

"And you pried open the window?" asked Tommy's father, and not in a pleasant voice.

"No, I didn't, Father," Tommy replied. "I wouldn't do that—that would be burglary, I know that much. I was just going to hang it on the knob of the kitchen door where somebody—perhaps the cook—would be sure to find it in the morning."

"Well, you didn't pry open the window," said his father. "Who did?"

"I don't know," said Tommy. "It was a man, but I don't know who he was. I came out of our house and I came across the

yard and up onto the back porch here, and I had my present, carrying it by the cord, and when I got to the top of the steps I saw this window was open."

"Open?" asked Jo Ann's father. "You mean pushed up from the bottom?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "pushed all the way up. And there was a man standing here at the end of the couch picking up things from the couch and putting them into a big bag."

"How could you see that in the dark, Tommy?" asked Mr. Bassick.

"There was light from the Christmas tree out front," said Tommy, "and he showed up against that light—dark, like a shadow."

"And—?" said Jo Ann's father.

"Well, I was scared," said Tommy. "All I thought of was to beat it back home and tell Father there was a burglar in Jo Ann's house stealing things. So I turned to run and somebody grabbed me. I didn't even have a chance to yell; he put an arm around my head with the inside of his elbow against my mouth, and he threw one leg around me to keep me from kicking. 'Shut up, if you know what's good for you,' he said, so I didn't try to yell. Then the other man came out."

"And they gagged you and tied you and put you behind the piano?"

"Yes," Tommy said. "The one man held me and the other man put the cloth in my mouth and tied up my head. He didn't have anything to gag me with, so he ripped out some of the lining of his coat and used that to gag me and tie the gag in with. Then he tied up my arms and legs. I don't know where he got the cord. Maybe he had it in his pocket."

"Probably to tie up any loot that would not go in the bag," said Mr. Bassick. "They meant to take more, but you frightened them away. But go on and tell us what happened next."

"One of them said, 'Put him in the house,' " said Tommy, "and they carried me in and put me behind the piano."



FOR ANSWER TOMMY, GAGGED AND TIED, COULD DO NOTHING BUT ROLL HIS EYES



Then they went out together and closed the window."

"And took all my Christmas presents!" wailed Jo Ann. "Even the one you brought, Tommy?"

"I don't know," said Tommy. "I guess they took it along with all your other presents, Jo Ann."

They were interrupted by the arrival of two police officers. The policemen had stopped at Mr. Bassick's house in answer to his telephone call, and the maid had sent them over to Jo Ann's. When they had been told about the burglary and the gagging and tying of Tommy, they shook their heads soberly and said it was a mean business, a very mean business.

"It's going to be mighty hard to catch those guys," one of the officers said. "This young fellow didn't see them clearly and they might be anybody. I'll take this cord; it's a sort of a clue. And this gag—from the lining of one of the fellows' coats, you say. Hello, now! What's this?"

The officer had pulled open the gag and there dropped to the floor a sleeve button with a bit of cloth attached.

"I know what it is," said Tommy. "When the man grabbed me around the head, I bit his coat. I bit that off, I guess."

"And had it in your mouth the whole time," said the officer. "Lucky it didn't get in your throat and choke you, my lad, or we'd have a murder case here. If we can find the coat this and the lining belong to, sir, we'll be getting somewhere. But there's not much hope of that. The coat will be destroyed. Too bad this melting snow wiped out all footprints. Can you tell what kind of tool they used to pry up the window, Mike?"

"Might have been anything, Joe," said the other officer. "Them screws was all but out before."

"Well," said the first officer, "we'll do the best we can, but it is going to take time. The way we catches most of these guys is to wait until the stolen stuff gets pawned in a pawn shop."

"Oh, dear!" cried Jo Ann. "Then I won't have any Christmas presents at all today?"

"I'm afraid not, miss, if yours were taken," said the officer. "They'd not be pawning them for a week or two. Now, what did they take?"

"Nothing but my presents, my Christmas presents," said Jo Ann.

"And what were they, miss?" asked Officer Joe.

"I don't know," said poor Jo Ann. "I hadn't opened them—not one of them. Mother can tell you."

Jo Ann's mother described the wrist-watch and the brooch and the presents of lesser value she and Jo Ann's father had given, and Wicky described the toilet set she had bought for Jo Ann—blue and silver celluloid backs and handles, but what had been in the packages sent by Jo Ann's school friends no one knew.

"If you please, sir," said Mary, the cook, "I was giving her a football, she liking rough games."

"I see," said the officer. "A bit of a tomboy, maybe. It's a hard lot of things to trace, you see, sir; things anybody might have. We'll be on our way now after having a look around outside."

"There was one more present," Jo Ann said. "Tommy Bassick gave me something. What did you do with it, Tommy?"

"They took it, I guess," Tommy said. "It's not out there. I was going to hang it on the kitchen door knob out there, but they grabbed me first."

"And what was it?" asked Officer Joe, taking out his notebook.

"Well," said Tommy reluctantly, "it was a—a bird."

"A bird," said the officer. "A canary bird, very likely?" "No, sir," said Tommy, glancing at Jo Ann and looking away again. "It was a parrot."

"A parrot!" exclaimed Jo Ann. "A parrot! Then that was what was in that box you were carrying, Tommy Bassick!"

"One minute, young lady," said the officer, who did not seem to think a parrot was as queer a present as Jo Ann thought it. "Describe the parrot, young man."

"It was a green and yellow parrot," said Tommy. "I bought it at Schling's bird store when I was home for Thanksgiving. He said he would keep it for me till Christmas because I had to save up my allowance to pay for it. He said—" and there Tommy stopped.

"He said what?" demanded the officer. "Come now, out with it!"

"He said he would teach it to say what I wanted it to say," said Tommy sheepishly.

"I see!" said the officer. "It was a talking parrot, was it? And I daresay you wanted it to learn to give the young lady a Christmas greeting. It that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, rubbing the floor with a toe of his shoe. "Something like that." And the officer wrote in his notebook "Parrot talks," but Jo Ann stared at Tommy and Tommy blushed. Jo Ann knew the sort of Christmas greeting Tommy would want the parrot to utter. It would not be anything complimentary to Jo Ann.

But the officers now departed and Mr. and Mrs. Bassick and Tommy also made ready to go. Jo Ann felt blue enough, with no presents to open.

"Tommy," she said impulsively, "come over after awhile. We'll go up on the hill and try to find a place to slide. Come over and bring your sled."

"Well, all right," Tommy agreed, and when the Bassicks had gone Jo Ann tried to be as cheerful as she could. She urged the others to open their presents.

"You're taking it like a good little sport, Jo Ann," her father said, and he put his arm around her and kissed her. "You have a birthday coming before long and we won't forget it."

Tommy returned in less than an hour, bringing his sled. He was wearing a new soft leather wind-breaker his mother had given him, and he had on his wrist a new watch, a present from his father. Jo Ann and Wicky were waiting for him in the yard, and Jo Ann had her sled.

"We'd better go up the hill back of the house," Jo Ann said, "and on up toward the Benton's Woods. The snow ought to be better there, if it is any good anywhere. And thank you for the present, Tommy, even if I didn't get it."

"Aw, stop it, Jo Ann!" said Tommy, squirming. "I was only playing a joke on you."

"I think it was a horrid joke," said Wicky. "A parrot! You knew Jo Ann couldn't kill it, and nobody would want it. She'd have to keep it and it would be always squawking whatever you had it taught. I think it was cruel and heartless, too, Tommy, to keep it shut up in that box all the time."

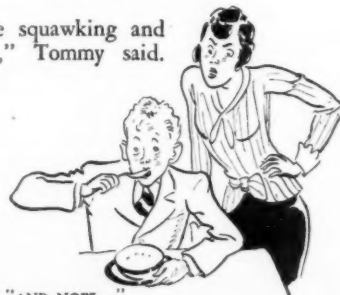
"It was not!" declared Tommy. "I fed it and gave it plenty of water. I had to keep it shut up in the box."

"Why did you?" asked Wicky. "For what reason?"

"So it wouldn't be squawking and talking all the time," Tommy said.

"Parrots don't talk or squawk when they are shut in the dark or their cages are covered—only when it's light."

"And hanging it out in the cold on the door— (Continued on page 34)



"AND NOW—"

By ANNA  
COYLE

THIS CHARMING ROOM  
IS IN YELLOW, OR-  
CHID AND GREEN.  
OTHER COLOR  
SCHEMES MAY BE USED



Room shown by courtesy of the Budget House, John Wanamaker, New York

## Dressing Up Your Room

ON a bleak winter day, there's nothing nicer than to find yourself in your own room with your cozy chair and favorite books—all ready for the serious business of study and the informal visits of your friends.

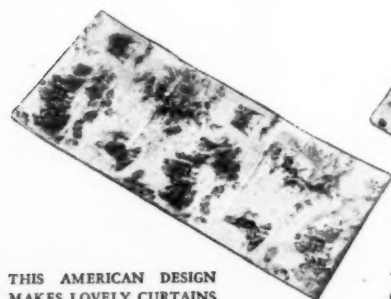
But—are you ready? Perhaps the summer sunshine has taken away that bright freshness with which your room started out so bravely in the spring. You may be shaking your head right this minute over its rather worn look, that you haven't had time to repair, what with school and the holiday rush. But now that Christmas is over, and you have a breathing spell, why not freshen things up a bit. You can bring gay colors into your room with one of the new ensembles.

This ensemble idea means that the bedspread, curtains, dresser scarf and all the other accessories in the room match or harmonize in a most delightful fashion. Even the sheets that peep out from under their smart coverlet have a touch of color to make them a part of the ensemble and often the crisply plaited lampshade and the quaint-looking hooked rug carry out the idea to the last detail. It's simply splendid what a few yards of cloth cleverly used can do to a room—and at small cost, too! There are so many ideas!

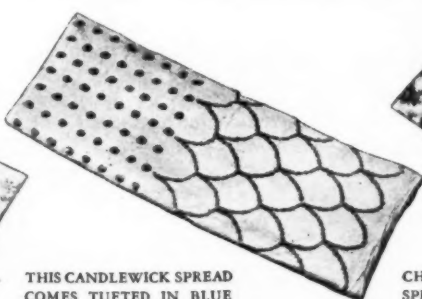
For the girl who favors dainty, feminine things in her room there is the organdy ensemble in the most intriguing pastel shades. In the room illustrated a light yellow organdy spread and curtains are used effectively with furniture that is painted lettuce green and decorated with lines of light yellow and motifs of yellow and orchid flowers. Covers for the vanity and chest of drawers are of yellow organdy bound with white bias bindings and trimmed with white appliqué figures, and covers for the chair and stool are of glazed chintz in a small all-over pattern of green on a yellow ground. Even the Venetian blinds at the window, which are so popular now, repeat the green of the furniture.

Another style in organdy ensembles is a little more tailored in effect, using bias bindings in contrasting colors to finish the edges and valance instead of the fluted ruffles. For example, *écru* organdy sets are finished with light green bindings, pink with green, yellow with blue, and so on.

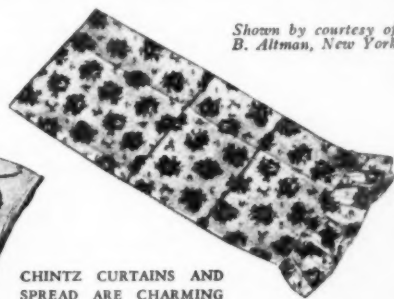
For the girl who likes quaint, old-fashioned things nothing could be more appropriate than one of the new calico ensembles, which includes a bedspread and comfortable to match. This type of ensemble is quite inexpensive and is particularly attractive in a room (Continued on page 48)



THIS AMERICAN DESIGN  
MAKES LOVELY CURTAINS



THIS CANDLEWICK SPREAD  
COMES TUFTED IN BLUE



CHINTZ CURTAINS AND  
SPREAD ARE CHARMING

Shown by courtesy of  
B. Altman, New York



# KEEP THEM IN SCHOOL



AT THE LEFT IS A POSTER  
DISTRIBUTED BY GIRL SCOUT  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS TO  
BACK THE PRESIDENT'S OR-  
GANIZATION ON UNEMPLOY-  
MENT RELIEF IN THE PRESENT  
NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN TO  
KEEP THE CHILDREN IN SCHOOL

## Girl S Are H

—as all good citizens  
The message from the  
tion on Unemployment  
graphs and poster on

### A Message

**STICK** to school! Help other girls stick to school!

No one ever regrets having a good education. On the other hand, how many people express regret and keen disappointment that they did not *stick to school* when they were boys and girls. They have had to meet difficult handicaps throughout life, because they lacked education and training.

The President of the United States, through his Organization on Unemployment Relief, urges young people to stay in school and better fit themselves for life.

Girl Scouts want to serve their country. They can do this best in their youth by being faithful to their studies. There is never a day or a moment when they can afford to do less than their best.

Help other girls do their best, too. What could make better Girl Scouts!

The President's Organization congratulates the Girl Scouts upon their interest and activities in the Back-to-School movement.

Stick to school! Help other girls stick to school.

(Signed) OLGA A. JONES

For the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief



NEW YORK CITY GIRL SCOUTS  
THIS CHRISTMAS FILLED BAS-  
KETS WITH HOLIDAY FOOD TO  
BE SENT TO THE NEEDY FAMI-  
LIES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

# l Scouts Helping

*citizens should in difficult times  
from the President's Organiza-  
tion Relief and the photo-  
grapher on these pages show how*



AND HERE ARE MORE GIRL SCOUTS GETTING BASKETS READY.  
SOME TROOPS CONTRIBUTED PRESERVES CANNED BY THE GIRLS  
THEMSELVES. AT THE LEFT ARE SOME MEMBERS OF TROOP  
TWENTY-FIVE OF BERWYN, ILLINOIS AND THREE YOUNG  
MODELS WEARING DRESSES MADE BY THE TROOP AND DIS-  
TRIBUTED THROUGH THE WELFARE COUNCIL OF THEIR TOWN

## OUR STAR REPORTER

*The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.*

*To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.*

OUR STAR Reporter this month is Chrissy Stage of Santa Monica, California. Chrissy tells about how her troop earned the largest sum of money it ever made and what it did with it.

"Troop One, Sarasota, Florida some years ago wanted to help the victims of the Mississippi Flood. We decided on a benefit bridge. Our captain took charge of the affair. The Woman's Club offered us the use of their large clubhouse and equipment free of charge, and many of the club members donated prizes, tallies and cakes. Ice cream and cakes for three hundred were donated by various business firms, and the city papers carried news about the party for two weeks before it. Everybody was willing to cooperate.

"The date was set for one day in May, and that afternoon the clubhouse was packed to its limit with guests. It was decorated in our colors—purple and white—and the Girl Scouts, dressed in white, welcomed the guests and served the refreshments. Many cakes were donated for sale, and those not needed for serving were sold. We charged fifty cents a player, but some of those present paid as much as five dollars, and of course it helped considerably to increase the fund.

"Altogether we took in about one hundred and eighteen dollars. Thanks to our many donations, this was all clear profit. We were very proud when we turned the whole amount over to the Red Cross. At that time there were only twenty girls in the troop."

EVERY Girl Scout troop could use extra money, and there is no better time to make it than the first of the year, when Christmas expenses are a thing of the past and before summer holidays come around. Suggestions for many different ways to make money have been sent in by girls all over the country. Some of them are novel while others have been used and found dependable for years. One of the latter is the cookie sale, which is almost always both safe and profitable.

From Troop Nine of Johnson City, Tennessee comes an account of such a sale that it had to raise money to carry on its handicrafts.

"The girls of the troop were divided into teams or groups of three. Each group borrowed a small wagon from any little boy of the neighborhood and decorated it gaily with colored crêpe paper. The group was then supplied with packages of homemade cookies which two of the mothers baked for the troop out of the supplies the troop bought them. These packages of cookies were tied up in the most attractive manner possible, and were sold for fifteen cents a dozen.

"This project was advertised in the papers, and many customers telephoned their orders in to the girls, so that by Saturday nearly all the cookies were disposed of before the parade started. Other women were attracted by the gay wagons and inviting-looking cookies, and bought lavishly. Each team was assigned to one street and before eleven in the morning every cookie was sold. And our customers seemed pleased, too.

## When Girl

*—parties, banquets, plays, and cookie into the treasury for new uniforms,*

"This drive was put on several Saturdays in succession and the girls were never able to supply the demand for these home-baked cookies. They realized about seventy-five dollars from three parades, after the ingredients for the cookies were paid for. It was good work and we are going to try it again."

### Make a Quilt to Make Money

One of the novel ways of earning money is that described for us by Miss Blanche Livermore, captain of Troop One, Dexter, New York. Miss Livermore writes about an autographed quilt her troop worked on together.

"The quilt is made of turkey red and white cotton material, and is comprised of thirty blocks. Each girl was given a block, with the exception of the center one, which was designated as the honorary wheel, and which I kept in my possession. The girls were directed to secure the names of friends, teachers or parents on their blocks, and it was voted by the troop that I should endeavor to obtain the autographs of noted people on my block. Through friendly

calls and letters we obtained our goal, and we have in our possession some very nice letters from people on the honorary wheel.

"When the quilt blocks were brought back to the troop meetings, the names were all secured and were outlined with red and white embroidery floss. Some of the names were printed on the cotton while others were written. Then the quilt was assembled and laundered, before it was given to a friend of the troop to quilt.

"Since our quilt has been finished we have had it on display, and we hope to sell it before so very long. Some time ago we were given a lot, on which we can build a summer camp, so now we are very anxious to raise money with which we can build one. We have had socials and all sorts of entertainments which have been profitable, but to our minds the quilt is valuable and shows a way to our camp."

According to a newspaper clipping sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL by Miss Livermore, the quilt has been autographed by a number of important people, among them President and Mrs. Hoover, former President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, former President William Howard Taft, Owen D. Young, General John J. Pershing, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, Governor and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mayor James J. Walker of New York.

### For Low Funds, Try Reporting

Mrs. H. P. Amidon of Thompson, Connecticut writes to us about the original way in which her small troop of Lone Scouts makes money, easily and consistently.

She writes: "We are in our fourth year,



COOKIE SALES ARE ALWAYS POPULAR AND PUT MONEY INTO THE CASH-BOXES OF TROOPS THAT NEED IT. THESE DETROIT, MICHIGAN GIRL SCOUTS HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL ONE



# Scouts Raise Money

*sales are only a few of the many ideas they use to bring money community service and the other ever-present expenses all troops have*

and the most satisfactory way of raising money we have yet found is news reporting. Our patrol leader is responsible, and other girls turn in items to her which she sends to a local weekly paper, which pays by space. In this way, we are soliciting from no one, and are not adding either to the many calls upon our parents or to the number of our evenings out, which interfere with heavy school schedules.

"Every month or so a good-sized check is added to our treasury, and the business training the girls get is bound to be an asset to them later. We prefer to have each girl pay her national dues herself, so that everyone may know what it is to earn and to pay her own way, but we use our treasury for birthday remembrances for members, and for such articles as Girl Scout handbooks, and for other incidental joint expenses."

## Montezuma Girls Gave Play

Corinne Routien of Montezuma, Indiana tells the many different ways in which



ABOVE ARE THREE INDIAN GIRLS OF PAWNEE, OKLAHOMA EAGERLY READING "THE AMERICAN GIRL" TO WHICH THEIR TROOP SUBSCRIBES

"THE AMERICAN GIRL" IS READ BY INDIAN-APOLIS GIRL SCOUTS WHO FIND IN IT MANY GOOD IDEAS—SUCH AS MONEY-RAISING PLANS FOR THEIR TROOPS

her troop earns money. She addresses her letter to all of you. Here is what she says:

"No two troops have the same ways of earning money. Last Christmas our troop held a candy sale. All the money we cleared on this sale we spent to fill baskets with food for a few needy families in town. We give to the older people because there is another community fund to help the children.

"This year, just before Christmas, we gave a two-act play, *The College Stick*. Only Girl Scouts participated. We charged a very small price for our tickets, which one of our girls made. Others made our posters, each girl having some part in the preparations.

"We took, also, the profit from three candy, cookie and cake sales and cleared up one of the most disordered lots in the main part of town, and made an attractive park out of it.

"We earn our National Headquarters dues by doing odd jobs. Some girls take care of children, some work at soda fountains, some at dry goods stores, some sell cookies or candy and some mow lawns. There are loads of different ways to earn money."

## These Girl Scouts Had a Banquet

Several troops find that giving dinners is a good way of raising money. Frances Huffman of Duluth, Minnesota writes about one Duluth Girl Scouts held during one of the summer vacation months.

"Troop Twenty-eight, Morgan Park, Duluth gave the banquet. We were very busy setting the long tables, and arranging flowers in the room. There were four large tables to fix. While the girls were working,

their mothers were watching the ovens, coffee pots and other things. Outside, Boy Scouts directed traffic.

"Soon people began to stream into the banquet room. All were members of the American Auxiliary—three hundred people in all! Then came our part. We served the meal and poured the coffee. Afterwards some of the Boy Scouts came in, ate the left-overs and helped with the dishes.

"Our troop has served at banquets many times now and we have earned lots of money. With it we have often gone to the Girl Scout cabin, we have had annual parties, and instead of paying for our merit badges ourselves, we take the money from our treasury. Our last badge bill was over eighty dollars, and was paid from the treasury. Girl Scouts can also pass their table setting for second class badge when working for a banquet."

## Try Selling Candy for Profit

Mrs. Donald McMullen writes to us about how her troop, in Monmouth, Illinois raised money to buy their Girl Scout equipment.

"In four weeks' time we had cleared about fifteen dollars easily, by purchasing candy bars from our wholesale confectionery store and retailing them at the usual price of five cents a bar. The girls sold them only at the school house, before and after school hours, during recesses and at noon. Altogether, thirty-five boxes of twenty-four bars each were sold. About forty-five cents was made on every box, and also a little more because of the fact that the girls got a two per cent commission for paying their bills in cash within ten days."

## Minneapolis Girls Go Skating

We have a letter from the Minneapolis, Minnesota Girl Scout Headquarters telling us about a skating carnival at which they earned about one hundred dollars.

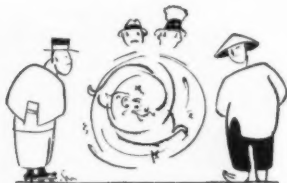
"The Gymkhana or Skating Carnival is an annual event in Minneapolis. Last year there was an attendance of about five hundred, forty-four troops taking part. The program consisted of about seven or eight races on skates, and a parade of floats, each troop en- (Continued on page 37)



## MANCHURIAN MUDDLE

AS THIS column goes to press, the dogs of Japan and China are still at each other's throats. Round and round the fighting pair circle the League of Nations and the United States—each waiting for the other to do something about it. Since September eighteenth, Japan has occupied all southern Manchurian railroads in which Japanese capital is invested and also several Chinese cities, including the capitals of the three Manchurian provinces. Moreover the area of Chinese territory thus held has been continually extended by a series of victories over the Chinese General Ma. Japan claims that this fighting is not war, but merely an effort to protect her treaty rights in Manchuria against bandits. She has refused to withdraw her troops unless China will agree to accept Japan's interpretation of what these treaty rights are.

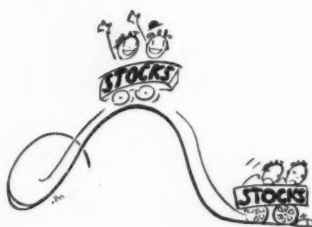
The Council of the League of Nations has not, up to this time, made any noticeable progress in reconciling the two enemies. China insists that the League force Japan to withdraw her troops before discussion or inquiry into the cause of the trouble begins. This the Council attempted to do a month ago, demanding that Japan withdraw by November sixteenth.



Nippon replied that to withdraw before China gave practical assurances that she would respect and protect Japan's treaty rights was impossible and would result in destruction of Japanese property in Manchuria and the probable killing of Japanese living there. Therefore Japan, instead of withdrawing by November sixteenth, proceeded to occupy even more Chinese territory.

Foreign opinion, at first strongly in favor of China, later shifted somewhat with the realization that the disordered condition of China—torn by the ambitions of rival and irresponsible war lords—made it highly probable that Japan's complaints were well founded. As Japan, however, continued her aggressive advance in Manchuria, opinion shifted again, and most of the American press is, at the present moment, anti-Japanese.

The Manchurian conflict has much more than local importance. To most observers it is a test of the strength of the League of Nations to prevent war. It is also a test of the Kellogg Treaties and others into which the nations of the world have recently entered, and whose general aim is the substitution of peaceful negotiations for the settling of international disputes. The European nations and the United States feel that if Japan can break these treaties with impunity, other nations which have signed them will feel that they can break them also. Thus the chances of accomplishing anything at the February Conference for the Limitation of Armaments will be very slim, and the danger of another big international war will be greater.



## PREMATURE REJOICING

THE MERE possibility of war in Manchuria was enough to raise the blood pressure of Wall Street by several degrees. Excited traders visioned orders from the warring countries for grain, munitions, steel and other merchandise. To this unhappy

## What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

reason for rejoicing, others were added. News came that the Canadian wheat crop had fallen far below expectations; that our own spring crop would be less than half as big as it was a year ago. Following these reports, the price of wheat, which had sunk to less than forty-five cents a bushel, began to skyrocket.

At the same time oil, which had been as far down in the doldrums, took an upward spurt of fifteen or more cents a barrel. In Tulsa, the Oil City, Chicago, the Wheat City, and in every little town in the wheat belt, there was hilarious rejoicing. Bands and oil trucks paraded the streets of Tulsa; citizens danced on the pavements; farmers smiled once more, sold their wheat and paid their bills—in part at least.

But the rejoicing was premature. Stocks slipped, lost their gains, sank to new lows. Wheat did not hold the trenches it had won. Thanksgiving found everybody tightening his belt once more.



## PETER PAN RETURNS

THIS FALL saw two theatrical events of unusual interest. The first was the Theatre Guild's production of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, latest and possibly greatest achievement of one of America's leading playwrights, Eugene O'Neill. From five-thirty in the afternoon until eleven-thirty except for an hour's intermission for dinner, audiences sit spellbound before this mighty epic which reproduces on the soil of New England the tragic Greek story of Orestes and the inexorable Fates.

Far less spectacular, but causing a quickening heart-beat in thousands of middle-aged bosoms, was the return of the well-beloved Maude Adams to the stage in the part of Portia.

This shy, frail actress, with her elusive charm, held a place in the affections of the American public which no other could fill. In *The Little Minister*, *Quality Street*, *A Kiss for Cinderella* and *What Every Woman Knows*, she scored a series of triumphs. When she played *Peter Pan*, audiences of hard-boiled Broadwayites agreed that fairies must be real because she said they were.

At the height of her career, when she was only a little over forty, Maude Adams retired from the stage and hid herself completely from the public eye.

Now, after so many years, she has come back as Shakespeare's winsome heroine, and Cleveland, where she first played, greeted her with delight.



## THE DONKEY DUSTS THE ELEPHANT

DEMOCRATS hardly know whether to be happy or frightened by the results of the last elections, which gave them a bare—a very bare—majority in the House of Representatives. At this session of Congress they will be held responsible for all its sins of omission and commission. They will be forced to take the wheel while the ship is still plunging through dangerously stormy waters.

One of the new faces in the upper house will be that of Senator Hattie Caraway, widow of the late Thaddeus Caraway of Arkansas, appointed by Governor Parnell to take her husband's place until a special election can be held.



## THE OPERA CHEERS UP

NOVEMBER saw the first performance in New York of a new American opera, *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The libretto is by John Erskine, author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, and the music by Louis Gruenberg. This opera differs from the great majority in two important ways: It is happy and comic, instead of being a general holocaust of death in horrible forms, and the words are extremely clever. One of the principal characters is a cow long past her prime, who utters witticisms and morose philosophy in a baritone voice. Also amusing is the giant who, in spite of all his bluster, turns out to be—literally—mostly hot air, and expires at the end with a loud, hissing sound. The audience, though, has been prepared for this dénouement after hearing the monster open his great mouth and sing a solo—in falsetto!

## The Taming of Grapevine

(Continued from page 14)

queer to be astride such an animal and wondered why Jim used him at all when there were so many horses at his disposal that were better. She looked at the heavy saddle, the long stirrups. Her feet could never reach them, but they might rest in the wide belt that held them in place. She had ridden any number of the horses that belonged to the place, because Daddy said she ought to be accustomed to different ones, so it did not enter her head that it might be well to make inquiries before attempting anything new, or that it could possibly be unsafe. She proposed to go only a few steps because she wouldn't think of making the poor skinny horse any more tired than he was.

Laughing to herself at the ludicrous picture she was about to make, Nadine gathered up the reins. Grapevine did not raise his head. She grasped the pommel firmly; then, with a light leap, she was in the saddle. Her toes quickly sought the strap and simultaneously she drew in the lines. The horse turned his head to look at her and it seemed as if his neck must be made of rubber, he was able to twist it around so far.

"Come on, old boy—" The old boy did. He came on with an unexpected energy and Nadine felt as if he were expanding to an astonishing degree. He stepped away from the corral, looked at her from the other side, as if to assure himself that he was not mistaken, then he lunged forward with a downward motion that nearly sent her over his head. Instinctively she gripped hard with her knees and hung as tight as she could.

Grapevine gave a series of quick, short, high jumps, coming down stiff-legged on all four, then he spun like a top, his back arched. With horror Nadine realized that he was bucking and he was doing a first class job of it. It was quite as artistic as the wild bronc she had watched Jim break. The bit was clinched in his teeth, his long neck stretched until his nose nearly touched the ground and his hind hoofs beat a tattoo in the air, as he stood on his forelegs. Vainly she tried to pull on the reins. Grapevine knew what he wanted to do and he didn't give an inch.

Nadine wanted to let herself go and drop off, but she did not dare because, wherever she might land, those flaying hoofs would find her. She couldn't possibly be quick enough to get out of their way. Furthermore, she knew perfectly well that she could not stay on very long. Her body ached all over as if she had been riding hard for a week, her arms and legs were stiff from the strain and she felt as if she had lost control of them. Sharp pains shot up to her temples, but she managed to keep her jaws gripped because she was terrified lest she bite her tongue. All in all, she wished heartily that she had not acted so impulsively.

She thought she heard someone shout, but the bronc was squealing, so she wasn't sure what she heard, and she began to wish that whatever happened to her would happen right away because she was convinced she would be (Continued on page 32)



**S**MALL but, oh, so important—the sewing kit that every girl wants! Now every Girl Scout can own one. For we're offering this special. Until February 29, you'll be able to get the Inspool Sewing Kit for only 25 Libby's Milk labels from tall cans—just half the number usually required!

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## The Taming of Grapevine

(Continued from page 31)

bounced to a pulp in another quarter of a second. Still she clung tighter than ever.

Then Grapevine tried other tactics. He plunged up the ranch road at a pace that would certainly have won him the Derby against any racer in the world who had the audacity to compete. He was mad as a dozen demons, he squealed shrilly to let everybody know it, and he was breaking the world's record. Nadine heard men shout, thundering hoofs that couldn't hope to catch up with her, and the automobile in pursuit, then suddenly she saw that the bronc was headed straight for the grain elevator. In less than a minute he would be there! He was!

She closed her eyes because she didn't want to see herself flung against the heavy machinery. The horse stopped as suddenly as he had started, backed sharply, gave himself a vigorous shake, and reared. He seemed to do it all at once. Nadine sailed nicely into the air, as if from a spring board, her legs and arms outstretched; then she landed in a heap on something that wasn't quite so hard as rock or iron, and instantly she was shoved along and dropped about ten feet onto something that yielded obligingly.

"So good of you to drop in this way." It was Albert, who knew nothing of what had happened outside the granary. He jumped from his high perch to the pile of wheat beside her.

"Nadine! Nadine!" That was Herbert.

"Oh," she gasped as best she could with her mouth full of wheat. "I thought—I thought—"

"Nadine!" Herbert's head appeared above the runway.

"Yes."

"Where are you?"

"Here!" She gave a little hysterical laugh as she tried to stand up, but her legs were wobbly. Then Albert realized that it wasn't a joke she had been playing by sliding down the chute.

"What happened?"

"Are you hurt?" The twins were both in the bin now, their faces white and anxious. Herbert took her arms and helped her stand upright.

"I—I thought—"

"What in the world did you do?" Albert demanded.

"I—I—r-ro-ode—G-Grapevine!" Her teeth chattered.

"What?" Albert's mouth dropped open and his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"You did what? Did you say Grapevine?"

"I'll tell the world she did, and he bucked good and plenty, then sent her flying into the chute," Herbert explained.

"I say—didn't we ever tell you not to ride a one-man horse?" demanded Herbert sternly.

"That it isn't done except with grave danger to life and limb?" added Albert.

"I don't think you ever did," Nadine answered, trying hard to remember such instructions.

"Well, don't," Albert urged.

"Not ever," insisted Herbert.

"I won't again. Is that what's the matter with Grapevine?"

"Sure, he's Jim's."

"And nobody but Jim ever wanted him!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but, how can you tell a one-man horse?"

"You can't. And now that you've had your lesson we'll take you home where you'll be reasonably safe."

As they passed the corral, Grapevine was standing, the picture of misery, near the bars. Nadine blinked incredulously as she looked at the pony.

"I—I apologize, old boy," she said, and tried to laugh.

"We must get rid of him at once," said Mrs. Evans when she heard the story, "It isn't safe."

"Oh, Mother, please don't do that."

"But you might have been terribly hurt. An animal like that is dangerous. None of the men will go near him."

"I had no business to go near him. I thought it would be f-f-funny, just to get on him—"

"It was funny," Dad grinned. "I saw only a part of the exhibition, and now that you are safe, I can even begin to see the amusing side—"

"Now, Bert, don't tease the child. It was awful, not a bit funny."

An hour later, Mrs. Evans had given Nadine a warm bath, rubbed her from tip to toe with witch-hazel, and had installed her in the big hammock the twins had slung on the piazza.

"Close your eyes and get a nap. The sunshine will do you good," Mrs. Evans urged, then added—because it just didn't seem possible that Nadine had come through the battle with Grapevine with nothing more than a few bruises and stiff joints. "Sure, dear, you haven't a pain anywhere? That was a terrible jouncing."

"Positive, Mother. I'm only bruised."

"All right. Now get forty winks." She tucked the afghan close, gave the pillow a pat, and tiptoed away. Almost immediately Nadine was asleep. She had the funniest dream. She thought Sorrel came and asked her to ride. They raced into the canyon, up the steep side of the mountain and out onto a slippery ledge. Here she could see the whole top of the world, and suddenly she discovered that a dozen giant tractors were busy leveling the Rockies, just as they did the grain, and leaving only vast stretches of plain where the river spread out like a lake. She didn't like it a bit. She was filled with horror at the very idea and wanted to stop the ruthless harvesters, but when she started to ride toward them, she discovered that she was astride the granite ledge. Sorrel was nowhere to be seen, and the giant boulder began to buck furiously, rearing, whirling, leaping, snorting—

"Was Miss Nadine hurt?" It was Jim and he came just in time to save her from being pitched into the canyon. She opened here eyes, gave a little blink, saw the Rockies all serene in the sunlight and was glad to be awake.

"Just bruised a bit and shaken up," Mrs. Evans answered.

"I'll soon be all right, Jim, but I wish you'd tell me what a one-man horse means, and how you tell one from any other." The tall foreman chuckled.

"Reckon the only way to tell one is to try him." He sat on the edge of the piazza, deposited his hat beside him, and went on. "Sometimes a cowboy takes a fancy to a particular horse, breaks it for himself, won't let anyone else ride him, and if anyone else does, the pony just naturally gets mad all over."

"Is that what you did to Grapevine?"

"No, I didn't try to. I've had a lot of horses I like, but a one-man horse has a mighty hard time if he gets sold or his own boss has to leave him. 'Tisn't fair to the bronc."

"Then, is it because Grapevine wants to be a one-man horse?" It was very puzzling and Nadine wanted to find out about everything if she could.

"Reckon that's it, Miss Nadine. You see, I picked him up five years ago over in Arizona. Hombre who owned him was an ornery cuss, the bronc was so homely nobody would buy him, so the fellow treated him mean just for spite. Used to tie him up short and beat him."

"Oh, he was horrible!" Nadine was indignant. "How could he do such a thing?"

Mary Ellen appears again in February—

"He was a bad actor all right. I relieved my feelings by giving him a taste of his own blacksnake, paid him ten dollars and took Grapevine. Knew he wasn't naturally mean, but it took months to gentle him any and he still doesn't believe the rest of the human family is to be trusted. I'm going to feed him up and get him in good shape for next month."

Nadine got out of the hammock and faced Jim in amazement.

"Is—*is* Grapevine the horse you were telling me about this morning?" she demanded.

"Sure," Jim grinned. "He'll beat anything in these parts. I forgot the stable boy won't go near him, that's how he happened to be left with the saddle on. Sorry he didn't take to you. The boys told me about that ride. You're the first person who has stuck on his back more than a minute. You can be proud of that anyway. It's quite a record."

"I am! Really and truly!" She could hardly believe her ears.

"That's right. Your endurance record was three minutes and three quarters. Cook timed you," Jim chuckled.

"Oh, it seemed like three hours," Nadine said soberly, and sat down again. "When he's fed and rested he ought to be a good horse."

"Why," Jim's eyes twinkled, "he's been in the mountain meadow for three months living on the fat of the land and he hasn't done a lick of work since spring. He'll never be much to look at, Miss Nadine, that's a sure thing, but it'll be worth big money to see him in action."

"Do you suppose he could learn to trust me?" she asked wistfully. Somehow she couldn't reconcile herself to the idea of having anything dislike her.

"No harm trying. I'll fetch him around to apologize."

Jim went off to the corral, and Nadine, forgetting her aches, ran for a bowl of sugar. Soon the horse and man came tearing back, but Grapevine only glared and snorted angrily when Nadine offered him some of it.

"It's good," she told him. But for ten minutes the bronc sniffed contemptuously. However, both Jim and she coaxed and persuaded until finally the horse condescended to nibble at a lump and at last Nadine had the satisfaction of having him lick the last crumb from her fingers.

"We'll do it again tomorrow," she promised, as she left.

Just then the big dinner gong sounded, so the horse and rider went off, and the Evermay family gathered in the ranch house dining room.

"We are glad to see you about," Albert told her.

"And trust your morning was not dull," added Herbert.

"It wasn't, not a bit, and I'm going to tame Grapevine."

"My dear," protested Mrs. Evans anxiously.

"Don't. Jim wants to enter him in the rodeo," Albert urged.

"If he's tamed, he may not choose to run," Herbert finished.

Nadine raised her glass of milk. "Here's to Grapevine," she said, "the pride of Evermay Ranch!"

And the Berts raised their glasses and drank the toast with her.

## About Appendicitis

**In the presence  
of unrelieved  
abdominal pain**

- 1-Give no food, water  
or medicine**
- 2-Never give laxatives**
- 3-Call your Doctor**

Recently a letter came to us from a mother who had lost a fine, strong boy of twelve from acute appendicitis. She wrote, "If I had run across just one article on appendicitis I feel sure we would not have had this sorrow. An advertisement of yours would save many, many lives. Please give this your earnest consideration."

Because her request voices a widespread desire to know what to do when appendicitis attacks swiftly, this announcement is published.

The deathrate from appendicitis in the United States has steadily increased during the past ten years. But it will be reduced and reduced rapidly when people learn what to do and particularly what not to do in case of an attack.

The symptoms of appendicitis vary. But almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix.

There are two most important things to remember in event of an attack of acute appendicitis:

*First:*—Never use a laxative to relieve acute abdominal pain. If the pain means appendicitis, a laxative, instead of relieving the condition, is likely to spread the inflammation, to cause the appendix to burst or to induce peritonitis.

*Second:*—Send for your doctor immediately. In making his diagnosis he may decide that no harm will come from taking time to make a blood test to confirm his opinion. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating. Or he may order an operation in the **shortest** possible time.

Performed without delay, by an expert, an operation for appendicitis is **almost** always successful. Be sure to consult an experienced and skilful surgeon because many needless operations have been occasioned by incorrect diagnosis.



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# Whom have you overlooked?

**H**AVE YOU, in the mad Christmas rush, left some-one off your Christmas list? Sometimes in the holiday bustle, your very best friends whom you certainly had intended to remember at Christmas time escape you, and you scurry around, wildly looking for something that would be just the right thing to give at that late date. You think of a calendar, but decide that's too old-fashioned, or a book of poems, but can't think of a suitable one. Then you remember THE AMERICAN GIRL. "Why, it's just the very thing," you tell yourself.

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helps every girl to start the new year right. And so if you have someone whom you have inadvertently overlooked this Christmas, send in your gift order—\$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years—to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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## Jo Ann and the Christmas Mystery



(Continued from page 24)

knob, the poor little parrot!" said Wicky. "It wasn't cold," said Tommy. "It was warmish; the snow was melting. And it was warm in the box, all wrapped in paper. You needn't say I'd be cruel to a parrot, because I wouldn't be."

"Well, it was a splendid joke, wasn't it?" said Jo Ann. "And it went off so well! You must have laughed and laughed when you were down on the floor behind the piano, knocking your head on the floor. How do old coat linings and sleeve buttons taste, Tommy?"

They had gone out through the back gate by now and Tommy stopped short and turned to Jo Ann.

"I've had just about enough of your ragging, Jo Ann," he said. "You can stop it, or I'll go back home. If you want me to say that what I planned was all wet, I'll say it, and if you think I got the worst of it, you can think so, but I don't want to be ragged all day."

Jo Ann laughed.

"I won't rag you any more, Tommy," she said. "I guess you've had enough. How much did the parrot cost, Tommy?"

"Aw, Jo Ann, stop it, can't you?" Tommy begged. "It cost most of my allowance for two months, if you want to know. Now leave me alone, won't you?"

"How are your wrists and your ankles now, Tommy? Do they hurt much?" Wicky asked.

"All right!" said Tommy angrily. "I'll go home. If you just asked me to come so you could rag me—"

He turned and was going back toward the house, but Jo Ann grasped his arm.

"Oh, don't be such a goop!" she said, laughing. "I won't say another word, but I guess you didn't worry much over how I'd feel when you planned to send me a talking parrot to shriek at me. Come on, Tommy. I won't say another word, I promise."

He turned reluctantly, and they went on up the bare hill back of their homes. The snow was rather soppy and they sank into it to their ankles as they climbed the hill, but under the wetter snow the old snow was firmer, having frozen before the last snowfall.

"What did you think of the policemen?" Jo Ann asked, to change the subject.

"I don't know," Tommy answered. "I guess they were all right. They didn't seem to get very excited. I guess they have a lot of burglaries and they probably go at them all the same way. They were not detectives, just policemen. I don't suppose they have detectives in a town this size. I bet a real detective wouldn't wait around for weeks

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Don't miss the last part of "Polly What's-Her-Name"—



until a burglar got ready to pawn stuff. A real detective would look at that button I had in my mouth and say, 'Hah! A scratch on this button! Mike, hand me my magnifying glass. Yes, just as I thought, this scratch was made by a sharp piece of soft white marble—there's a speck of marble dust in it. The burglar works in a monument works. Yes, here's marble dust in the interstices of the coat lining he used as a gag and a bandage. What does that mean to you, Mike?' Then the other detective would say, 'Left-handed Louie, Joe? He's been doing odd jobs in Fowler's marble works since he got out of Atlanta Prison.' That's our man, Mike. Folks, we'll have Jo Ann's presents back here in thirty minutes.' And they would have them back. That's how real detectives would go at it."

"That would be wonderful," Jo Ann said, thrilled by Tommy's dramatic description.

"It wouldn't be anything for real detectives," scoffed Tommy. "I'll tell you what your father ought to do, Jo Ann. He ought to send somewhere for a real detective—to Chicago or New York or somewhere."

"Wouldn't it cost a lot?" Jo Ann asked. "Wouldn't it cost more than all my presents cost?"

"Well, of course, if you're going to care what it costs you couldn't get a real detective," Tommy said, "but I don't believe those cops will ever get your presents back. You can't get something for nothing, you know."

They had now reached the top of the hill where they had to turn to the left to climb the larger hill to Benton's Woods, and below them to the right lay Shanty Hollow, the collection of miserable dwellings where lived the most shiftless families of the town.

"The snow looks better up there," said Jo Ann, nodding toward Benton's Woods, and they had started up the hill when from Shanty Hollow a harsh voice suddenly rent the air.

"Rawk! Rawk! Rawk!" it screamed. "Hello! Hello! Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! Ha! Ha! Ha! Jo Ann thinks she's smart! Rawk! Rawk! Rawk!"

The parrot ended with a final "Rawk!" "They've covered him up or something," said Tommy, when the silence had continued for a minute. "He talks all the time during the day when he isn't covered up."

But Jo Ann was no longer there. She

had picked up her sled and with a run for a start had slammed it down with herself on top of it, rushing down the hill toward the main part of the town. At the bottom of the hill she jumped from her sled and, dragging it after her, ran to the police station as fast as she could run. She burst in upon the policemen there. She was all out of breath.

"My presents!" she gasped. "My parrot! I know where they are. Oh, please come quick!"

The four policemen in the station were doing the best they could, it may be supposed, to make some sort of holiday out of a day when they had to be on duty. They were playing a game of cards, seated on four chairs and using another for a table, and when Jo Ann burst in upon them so excitedly they turned to look at her.

"It's that Christmas burglary girl," one of them said. "What is it, Sis? What's the matter now?"

"My presents," Jo Ann repeated. "I know where they are. I heard my parrot talking. Please, come quick, before they wring its neck."

That was all the pleading those policemen needed.

"You said it, daughter," the youngest of the officers exclaimed, and he half escorted, half pushed Jo Ann out of the door. He thrust her into the automobile that stood there. Two more of the officers piled into the car, and in three minutes the car had skidded to a stop before a row of three shanties. One officer took each shanty, pushing in the doors without knocking, while Tommy and Wicky came running from the hill.

In a minute it was over. Jo Ann could never remember anything except the two officers dashing from the end shanties into the middle one and then two of them coming out with two handcuffed men, while the third came out carrying the parrot in one hand and an armful of Christmas packages in the other.

"Rawk! Rawk! Rawk!" screamed the parrot. "Jo Ann thinks she's smart! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"You silly bird," laughed Jo Ann. "Maybe I'm not smart—but I'm happy." And she was. Not one present had been lost.



SHE is "Handy Andy's" sister—and just as resourceful. Of course she's a Girl Scout which means that she can do many things with the Ulster Official Girl Scout Knife. The can opener, punch, screw driver, bottle opener and the keen blade all come in handy in her scout work.

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## Hot Dishes for Cold Nights

(Continued from page 18)

One more onion dish before we part. This is onions with beet sauce. Use small onions. White onions are best because they are more delicate in flavor than the ordinary kind.

### Onions with Beet Sauce

First peel the onions, allowing six or eight for each serving. Put them in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and cook uncovered until the onions are tender. If possible let the water evaporate so that there will be none left. If you have used ordinary onions it is not advisable to do this.

In the meantime, put a tablespoonful of fat in another saucepan. Add a cup of chopped cooked beets. These may be left-over beets or canned beets. If they are baby beets, cut them in quarters or thin slices. Shake them about a bit, add one cup of the onion water or water from the canned beets, a bit of bay-leaf, a little salt and a pinch of sugar. While the water and the beets are heating, cream together a scant tablespoon of flour and a tablespoon of fat. Dilute with a little hot liquid and pour gradually onto the beets, tossing them or stirring lightly until the sauce thickens.

Arrange half slices of buttered toast on a hot platter. Drain the onions if necessary, pour them over the toast. Then remove the bay-leaf and pour the beets over the onions. This makes a very colorful dish.

Oysters are so important dietetically that I think you should have at least one oyster dish in your hot supper repertory. For not only are they an excellent protein food but very rich in iron and in iodine.

So my next suggestion for a hot supper dish for a cold night is oyster stew. The recipe is for two but it may be increased proportionately.

### Oyster Stew

15 or 20 oysters      2 tablespoons  
1½ cups milk      butter  
seasoning

Put the milk on to scald in the top of a double boiler. Clean the oysters. Put the butter in a shallow saucepan. When it melts, add the oysters and their liquid, and shake around until they begin to plump out and look frilly around the edges. Add a little Worcestershire or tomato ketchup or other sauce, a little salt, about a half teaspoon. Then pour on the hot milk. Put a little bit of butter and a little whipped or plain cream in the bottom of each bowl. Pour in the stew and sprinkle with paprika. Serve with lots of crackers.

Then I think you should know how to cook and serve at least one, or maybe two,

inexpensive meat dishes. My first is meat rings. For this you make a biscuit dough.

### Biscuit Dough

2 cups sifted flour      ½ teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons baking powder      4 tablespoons shortening  
¾ cup milk      4 tablespoons grated cheese

Add the baking powder and salt to the sifted flour. Sift into a bowl. Add the fat and cheese and chop together until fairly well mixed. Then add milk gradually, tossing lightly until a dough is formed. Flour the board lightly. Roll the dough into a ball, put on the board and knead a little. Roll out until about one half inch thick. Here you will need two cutters—one large, one small. The large one may be a large-sized cookie cutter and the other a small biscuit cutter. Using the large cutter, cut the dough in rounds. Then with the small cutter, cut out the centers. You will have a series of rings and small biscuits. Put them on the baking sheet in the refrigerator until about fifteen minutes before serving. Then bake them for twelve or fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 450 degrees Fahrenheit. For each serving put two or three rings, one on top of the other, on a plate and fill the hole with creamed chipped beef or other creamed meat or fish. Cap with the biscuit centers or arrange these on the outside. Garnish with parsley or small boiled onions or baby beets, green peas or carrots.

### Filling for Meat Rings

4 tablespoons bacon fat      ¼ pound dried beef  
1 small minced onion      2 cups canned tomatoes  
¼ teaspoon paprika      3 tablespoons flour

Melt the bacon fat. Add the minced onion, the beef, and paprika. When the meat is hot, add the tomatoes. Add a little cold water to the flour and stir until smooth. Add to the mixture and stir until it thickens. Then fill the rings, decorate and serve with or without green peas, buttered carrots or string beans.

Any left-over meat or fish may be cut in dice and reheated in a well-seasoned white sauce or brown gravy and used to fill the rings.

### Apple and Sausage Sandwiches

My second meat dish is apple and sausage sandwiches. For these make one pound sausage meat up into thin, small, very flat

cakes. Put them into a hot frying pan and brown on both sides. Then lower the heat and continue cooking until the sausages are done. After the initial browning, do not cook too long nor at too high a temperature or the sausages will be tough.

Wipe six large apples, core, but do not peel, and cut in one-third inch slices. If you have a second frying pan, drain off some of the bacon fat into it. Add the slices of apple and cook until soft but not broken. If you have only one pan you will have to wait until your sausages are done to fry the apples. Arrange half the slices of apple on a platter. Put a sausage cake on each one. Then top with another slice of apple. Scalloped potato or mashed potato and spinach may be added if desired. Or you may sauté bananas or slices of canned pineapple instead of the apple.

Eggs are so valuable on account of their iron, their lime, their phosphorus, and their vitamins that we must have at least one hot supper dish built around eggs.

### Eggs and Tomato Sauce on Cheese Toast

2 tablespoons butter or other fat      2 cups tomatoes  
1 minced onion (may be omitted)      1 tablespoon green pepper minced (may be omitted)  
1 teaspoon salt      1 teaspoon sugar  
1 small piece bay-leaf      3 tablespoons flour  
1 tablespoon fat

Melt the two tablespoons of butter. Add the minced onion and green pepper and cook for a minute or two. Then add the tomatoes, salt, bay-leaf and sugar. Mix the flour and the other tablespoon of butter. Dilute to a smooth paste with a little hot liquid. Stir into the sauce and when it thickens set over hot water to keep hot.

In the meantime cut six or eight slices of bread. Toast on one side. Butter the other and sprinkle with grated cheese. Set under the flame until the cheese melts.

Put six eggs into a pot of boiling water. There should be enough water to cover the eggs well. Let the water come to the boiling point and then cover the pot and set aside for four or five minutes. Pour off the hot water; fill the pot with cold water. Take the eggs out immediately. Remove the shells. Put the eggs on a hot platter. Pour the sauce over them. Put the toast on a plate and serve at once. This dish is improved by slices of crisp bacon.

To serve individually, put a slice of the cheese toast on a plate. Put an egg on the toast, then cover with the sauce. Add a strip of bacon if bacon is served.



If you're going to have a party—

## When Girl Scouts Raise Money

(Continued from page 29)

tering a float which they themselves had erected and decorated. Each troop had chosen one of their members to be the Troop Queen, who was dressed in white. The final event of the program was the ceremony of crowning, as Queen of the Gymkhana, the Queen of the Troop which had won the most points in races and float contests."

### A Prize Booth Brings Money

If you can't have a fair of your own, maybe a booth at that of another organization will prove practical.

Troop Twenty-nine of Newark, New Jersey had one at a church bazaar. Miss Ruth Breder, captain of the troop, writes:

"Many organizations were to be represented at the fair, and the one that had the most attractive booth was to receive a prize of five dollars.

"We decided to use autumn leaves for decoration, for they were the best things to combine with the colors of the bazaar—orange and yellow. Laying crêpe paper out flat, we lettered our troop's number in the leaves in large autumny letters. This done we used the leaves for the sides and ceiling of our booth in large branches, for a real wood effect.

"The next afternoon we filled our booth with flowers and plants placed in baskets of our own making. Flower baskets and fruit baskets were finished in natural tone. Bridge sets were made in black and red and sold for one dollar per set.

"To our keen delight we discovered later that we had won the prize, and besides we netted a clear profit of eighty-two dollars for the Church of St. Barnabas, which gives us room and light, gratis."

### These Girls Gave a Bridge

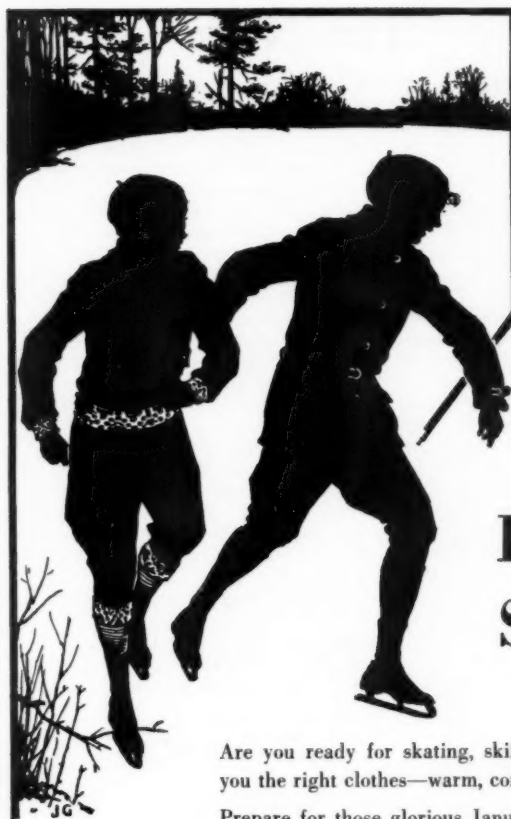
Mary B. Burnette, captain of the Carmel, California Girl Scouts, sends us a picture of her troop handing a check for twenty-five dollars to the president of the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest. Mrs. Burnette writes, "This check represented the Girl Scouts' part in the recent drive for funds, and was the proceeds of a bridge party given by them at their own Little House. The refreshments were made by the girls themselves, who also poured tea and served it in a very charming manner."

### Another Cake Sale

Elinor Saunders of Rockville Centre, New York writes to us about a cake sale her troop had a few weeks ago:

"The Girl Scout Service Troop of Rockville Centre held the sale. Almost all of the girls made their own cakes, but a few were donated. A few of the girls who didn't quite dare bake cakes made candy, cookies or something else good. The store in which the sale was held was donated. The profits were quite large and from them the girls gave to the unemployment fund and to a fund for a memorial tree.

"The girls also sold Christmas writing paper, at which they made quite a profit, and they hope to sell more next year."



## If it Snows . . .

Are you ready for skating, skiing and snowshoeing? Have you the right clothes—warm, comfortable and "chic"?

Prepare for those glorious January days when the lake will be frozen solid and the ground blanketed in snow. Be comfortable and smart in ski trousers and lumber jacket or breeches and leather coat . . . ski boots that are waterproof and skates with fleece lined shoes keep your feet dry and warm. For that "distinctive" touch, wear the Angora set, gayly striped in white and two shades of green.

### AND: THE PRICES ARE COMFORTABLE, TOO

Ski trousers—J 281.....	\$6.00	Leather coat—Sizes 8-14—J 111.....	\$12.75
Ski boots—H 251.....	5.75	Sizes 16-44—J 112.....	14.25
Lumber jacket—Sizes 8-10—J 121.....	7.50	Angora Set—Complete—J 241.....	7.25
Sizes 12-38—J 122.....	8.75	Beret only—J 242.....	1.75
Riding breeches—Corduroy—F 201.....	6.00	Scarf only—J 243.....	2.25
Whipcord—F 202.....	7.50	Mittens only—J 244.....	1.50
Ice skates—N 201.....	5.00	Socks only—J 245.....	1.75

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Read the article on games next month!



## The Nerve Trainers

(Continued from page 17)

turned sick and giddy. Then she got herself under control and went steadily round the three sides of the hall which boasted the balcony.

"Now you, Mark."

Mark mounted gaily. This was nothing to the heights she was used to in cliff climbing. She went almost carelessly along the ledge. Then Spi's heart almost stopped beating. Walking up the steps towards the corridor, in earnest conversation with the English mistress, was their house mistress, Miss Kenningsby. Spi was afraid to warn Mark. But suppose Mark looked up and saw them. Or suppose one of them should be foolish enough to utter an exclamation and startle Mark. Spi realized in a sudden flash what a dangerous game it was.

By this time Miss Kenningsby had seen Mark, and Spi watched, as though fascinated, the expression that came into her face. She jumped, caught hold of Miss Fernly. At first she seemed about to speak, then realization came. To startle Mark would be fatal. They looked at each other and turned as though to go back that Mark might not see them. No sound had been made, yet something, some electric current as of fear, reached Mark. She looked up, caught sight of the two mistresses, and wavered. Spi felt that she must fall, yet all three spectators remained as though numb and paralyzed while Mark recovered her control and went securely around the ledge until she came to a point where she could hold on with her hands. Then she climbed down. Miss Kenningsby was shaking with anxiety and anger.

"Go down," she said. "Both of you go down to my room and stay there." She could not trust herself to speak further. Mark and Spi went silently down the stairs.

"Now we're for it," said Spi gloomily as they stood together.

"I'm glad we're two," said Mark.

"She had me up only four days ago about that dormitory affair," said Spi. This was but too true. Spi had been caught "trespassing" in a neighboring dormitory and Matron had reported her.

"And me a fortnight ago over the fireworks," said Mark.

"I only hope she won't give us one of those weird punishments she thinks of sometimes."

"Like when she made Phyllis Bates stand in the hall corner, you mean?"

"Yes."

"So do I. Wouldn't it be fearful?"

"You never know what Kenny will do. That's the worst of it."

"Here she is."

The door opened and Miss Kenningsby came in. She looked at the girls.

"Are you two in possession of your proper senses?" she asked. And, after her awkward fashion, waited for them to answer.

"Yes, Miss Kenningsby," said they.

"Don't you know that you might have killed yourselves or injured yourselves for life? I suppose you did the foolish trick, too, Nest, or were prepared to do it?"

"I did it, Miss Kenningsby." For the life of her Spi could not help sounding proud

of it. This, of course, annoyed Miss Kenningsby still further.

"It is nothing to be proud of," she said. "It was a foolhardy and stupid escapade. Quite apart from your own bones it would have been disgraceful for an accident of the kind to happen in the House. Have you no thought or consideration for your House? It seems to me that I have punished you, Nest, more often than any other girl in the school. You are forever being sent to me for one thing or another. And you make Marceline as bad as yourself. I think I shall have to send one of you to St. Vincent's."

If Miss Kenningsby had intended to make an impression she could not have succeeded better.

"Miss Kenningsby!" they gasped.

"It will be absolutely necessary if the good name of this House is to be maintained. I see that. Together you lead each other on. Apart you may become more like

### A CONTEST POEM

THIS is a quiet day.  
The winds are still,  
And on the hill  
The trees are gray.

The sky is silver too.  
A quiet peace is on the town.  
And silently, from many a tree  
The leaves drift down.

A whisper shivers through  
My silver birch.  
The day is a stern Pilgrim, clad in  
gray  
Going to church.

EULA GOULD

Honorable Mention,  
"The American Girl" Poetry Contest

reasonable human beings with some sense."

"But Miss Kenningsby," said Spi, "there—there—there isn't anything in the world I'm so keen on as the House. I'm just frightfully keen on it. I—"

"It's true, Miss Kenningsby," said Mark eagerly. "Spi Jones, Nest, I mean, is all for the House. She's always doing something for the House and—"

"I don't want you so much to do things for the House," said Miss Kenningsby. "I want you to be something for it. The House is each individual girl in it—not a group of silver cups and shields. Haven't you got that into your heads yet? Put your belt straight, Marceline, and how many times am I to tell you not to come to me with crooked stockings? And, Nest, get your fringe cut next week. What was the idea of the hare-brained trick you tried this afternoon?"

"Nerve training, Miss Kenningsby," began Spi. "You see," she went on, warming up to it, "some day we may both be going

on a single plank over a raging abyss."

"We're trying balancing, Miss Kenningsby," interposed Mark.

"Balancing! Breaking your heads more like! Balancing! You may balance on kindergarten chairs for a little. Get a chair each from the kindergarten—where you belong—and a book each from the kindergarten—which will suit your intelligence—place the chairs at opposite ends of the hall facing a wall and sit in them and read the books quietly until I come back."

"Miss Kenningsby!"

"You thoroughly deserve it."

"Please let us do it here, Miss Kenningsby. The girls will see us. Please!"

"I intend you to be seen. You like showing off. What was the balancing trick but showing off?"

"There wasn't anybody there," said Spi.

"You show off to yourselves and to each other," said Miss Kenningsby.

"Get the chairs and the books and do as I have said. If you are sent to me again for the term I shall seriously consider having one of you removed to St. Vincent's House. Now you may go. Remember not to move until I give you permission to do so."

Poor heroes! They got their tiny chairs. They sat on them facing their walls. They stared at their childish books with rage in their hearts and girls from Everett passed to and fro and said, "Goodness! What have they been doing!" How they hated Kenny! How they hated everything! Two fifth form girls filled their cup to the brim by saying: "Dear little things! Don't they look sweet with their little books?"

For an hour Kenny kept the two in their pillory. Then she said, "You may go now. And try to remember that foolish actions lead to foolish consequences."

"Yes, Miss Kenningsby," they murmured with misleading meekness. But once out of hearing they let themselves go. They loaded Kenny with abuse.

"Fox!" said Mark.

"E-e-e-quivocator!" said Spi. This was the fruit of a study of Macbeth.

So they began to run down Kenny to each other until a few days later they fell in with a girl from St. Vincent's, one Pauline Carter, with whom they had grown friendly through hockey. Pauline had heard of the punishment. "What a fiend she must be," said Pauline.

Spi stiffened.

"Whom do you mean?" she said.

"The Kenningsby, of course."

"Rot," said Spi. "Kenny's the best house mistress in Rawchester. Everything on the square. She's strict, of course, but she's topping for all that, isn't she, Mark? Keeps the House up."

"Rather," said Mark.

Pauline Carter looked discomfited. "I thought you'd be feeling sick," she said. "Is that part of her method of keeping up the House? Miss Persival—"

"Miss Persival isn't in the same boat with Kenny," said Spi.

"Yes, but what was her idea?"

"Oh," said Spi loftily, "she was—er—er—"

And then Mark had an inspiration. "She was training our nerve," she said.

*Next year will bring many surprises—*



# Books for January Evenings

By

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

THERE'S a challenging title on one of the books I read this month—*Five Girls who Dared*. When you see, on the paper jacket of this book, which is edited by Helen Ferris and published by the Macmillan Company, girls in costumes ranging from regal court dress to flying togs, your expectations are bound to be aroused. Nor will they be disappointed. The Grand Duchess Marie, Amelia Earhart, Josephine de Mott Robinson and others tell their own stories here, under Miss Ferris' deft editing. It is only a step in thought from these five girls who dared so greatly, to a whole city the courage of which is historical. *The Town of the Fearless* by Caroline Dale Snedeker (Doubleday, Doran and Junior Literary Guild) tells a story which has, to my knowledge, never before been made accessible. Many girls take kindergarten courses, and the names of Froebel and Pestalozzi are constantly being used. But to have Pestalozzi made not only an educational classic, but a breathing and very much living person, is quite a new experience. Other great names turn into absorbing personalities in this book, which is the story of a city built to carry on an interesting and idealistic experiment. Only the older girls will enjoy it, but to them it will prove a reading experience such as they have never before encountered.

From Eloisa of this book, so strictly brought up by her German father, it is interesting to turn to two American girls of fiction, brought before us even more vividly, and to read with delight of their happy and lovingly-guided lives. *Hathaway House* by Nelia Gardner White (Stokes) has a quality all its own—very American, Bohemian in the finest sense of the word, and truly gracious. From the minute we meet Hathaway House we sense an originality and a coziness about it, and it is no wonder Penelope with her beauty and the talented Alice have interesting times there. It's as much fun to feel Alice's

poetry grow as to watch Penelope flying through the pages of the book over a trail of broken hearts, and I don't know any parents who could find more daughters to adopt if they could step out of the pages of this book.

Another very vivid girl in the fiction world we meet in *Sarah and Her Dog Dakin* by Mabel Robinson (Dutton). We know red-haired, impulsive and courageous Sarah as well as though we'd gone to school with her, after we've finished this book. We think we could find our way to the great pianist's cottage, and listen with Sarah while he practices. But we wonder whether we could have accomplished such wonders with his browbeaten daughter as did the dauntless Sarah. Still, who can tell? The adoration of a dog like Dakin must be a wonderful incentive toward courage and cheer, and of course anyone who has breathed Maine air all her life has a tonic which cannot be matched.

Another girl who has a vigorous, fresh appeal is the heroine of *Kari* by Gabriel Scott (Doubleday, Doran). Kari is younger than Sarah, but from the minute we meet her playing her quaint game with her beloved apple tree, we follow her fortunes with the greatest interest. Kari is a Swedish girl, and such an honest-to-goodness kind of person that sometimes we rub our eyes and wonder if she is just the creation of the author's fancy or the portrait of a real girl. She is certainly a very happy combination of both, and so is Teiki, a ten-year-old Polynesian boy in *Boy of the South Seas* by Eunice Tietjens (Coward-McCann). There have been so many books this year about boys and girls from other countries—good books, too—yet from our many literary travel tours none stands out with greater clarity than Teiki, the chieftain's son, so suddenly thrown on his own resources on the beautiful island of Moorea. When we read of his brave struggles, of his reserve and independence, of the boyish prank

which was so nearly a tragedy; and, above all, as we watch his progress with the remarkable old hermit and see him accomplishing the thing of which we all dream—finding out what he is best fitted for—we feel a warm kinship with this young boy of Tahiti.

In *Big-Enough* by Will James (Scribner), a boy shares honors with a horse. Big-Enough, the horse, is born the same day as his master, and the two are inseparable chums. Naturally, a boy who will shine in his lessons only when he can master them by the aid of a saddlery catalogue is not going to feel happy unless the horses are a more important part of his life than the lessons. Bill Roper's love for the life of a cowboy, and his instinct for everything which went with that life, was so strong and so sure that the prairies could not help triumphing over the schoolroom. We have a story with the sweep and the urge of Bill's own beloved prairies, and we follow his fortunes to the familiar Will James accompaniment of galloping hoofs and invigorating breezes. *Away to Sea* by Stephen Meader (Harcourt, Brace) is the story of another boy, living in 1821, whose ideas of education and career also did not agree with those of his parents. The lure of the sea proves as irresistible to him as did the lure of the prairies to Bill Roper. Though there is something queer and sinister about "The White Angel" when he signs as cabin boy aboard her, he is so anxious to be free of the obnoxious farm that he cannot wait to be off. He soon finds out that the ship is a slave ship, and he is forced to be party to the cruel traffic in slaves practiced in those days. Only through his kindness to a captive chief and his wife does he later escape a horrible death. How he makes his way home, his adventures before he carries out the commission of a fellow adventurer and finally secures an honorable ship's position won for him by his bravery, makes a story through (Continued on page 41)

So be sure and renew your subscription

# You Can Bind Your Own Magazines

*Many readers have asked for binders for "The American Girl," so, when we heard that Mrs. Cabot and her Girl Scouts in Providence, Rhode Island had been binding their own, we asked her to write the directions for us*

NOW that 1931 has passed, I am sure that you must have twelve AMERICAN GIRLS that you would like to keep. How to keep them so that one copy will not get lost or torn is a question. Here is one way—make them into a book by binding them.

If you decide to bind your magazines, collect your twelve copies and have them in order with January on top. Then gather together scissors, a punch or large nail, a pencil, ruler, strong string, several sheets of paper the size of THE AMERICAN GIRL for fly leaves, two pieces of cardboard slightly larger than the magazine, glue or paste, muslin or inch-wide adhesive, any material that you may use for a cover, crayons, and a wire hairpin or bobbie pin. With all your material assembled you are ready to begin the work.

First take the wire fasteners out of the magazines. Fold the extra papers the same size as the magazines. Put some of the extra papers on top of the magazines and some on the bottom—two or three will do—and tie the magazines together, backs even, making a neat tight package. (FIGURE ONE)

Now with the ruler mark a straight line one-quarter inch from the back. About two inches from the top and bottom place a dot on line and one in the middle between them if you think it necessary. With a punch or nail make holes through all the magazines, using the dots as guides, taking care that the holes are in the same place in all magazines in your package, one under the other. Take your hairpin or bobbie pin and put it through these holes and pull up a loop of cord through each hole you have punched in the magazines. (FIGURE TWO)

Insert the tape or muslin in these loops and pass it across the back, into the open end of the loop and tie it firmly. This makes the hinge. (FIGURE THREE shows tape tied in place and the other loose.)

Now measure the cardboard one-quarter inch larger all around than the magazines, place it on top of the package and paste down the muslin or bandage over it. The cardboard goes back only as far as the knots. After this is done on the top and bottom paste the bandage over the edge as far as it will go. (FIGURES FOUR AND FIVE)

After you have done this you may remove the cords that tie the magazines together and you have a book ready to be covered.

The covering material may be anything you want except wallpaper which is too soft and rubs off. It may be curtain material, cotton, linen, or a piece of dress material.

While you are getting this ready be sure the paste is drying and the book flat so that the cardboard will not warp. Cut the covering material one inch larger than the book all around. Be sure the book will close easily before you paste or cut the covers. After you have made sure of that, open the book, and lay it on the cover material. Cut off the corners and cut in as far as the edge at the back of the book,

top and bottom, as shown by the dotted lines in FIGURE SIX.

Fold center cutting over and paste down under back. Fold the edges over the cardboard and paste firmly. Put

newspapers between the boards and book to absorb moisture from paste. In pasting the cover on be sure to smooth out the material from back to front and to the edges away from the center. While this dries it is a good idea to pile a few books on the newly-bound book to keep the covers from curling.

While this is drying you may decide on the lining paper or end papers. You may make these any way you wish. Marble paper is good. Batik paper, block printed paper, spattered paper or any kind you wish may be used for your lining paper.

When you cut the end-papers be sure that they fit to within an eighth of an inch of edge of cover all around. Paste them carefully over the cardboard and about one inch on the first fly leaf. Put newspapers between them and put pressure on the book to flatten it while drying.

Your decoration for the cover with the title of your book may be a magazine cover or an original design.

The above directions were published in "The Handicrafter" under the title "New Books from Old Magazines" by Edith P. Fetterolf and are used here with the permission of the publishers. EDITH CABOT

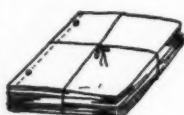


FIGURE ONE: TIE MAGAZINES TOGETHER AND PUNCH HOLES

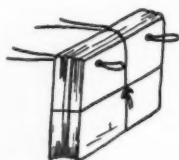


FIGURE TWO: DRAW LOOPS OF STRING THROUGH THE HOLES

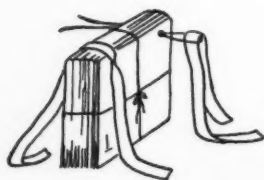


FIGURE THREE: DRAW ADHESIVE TAPE THROUGH LOOPS AND TIE FIRMLY ON THE OTHER SIDE

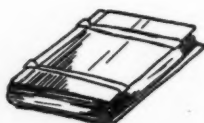


FIGURE FOUR: CUT CARDBOARD COVERS AND PULL THE TAPE ACROSS THEM



FIGURE FIVE: LET THE TAPE FOLD IN FIRMLY OVER THE EDGES

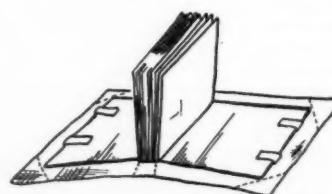


FIGURE SIX: SPREAD CARDBOARD COVERS OPEN ON MATERIAL ONE INCH LARGER AROUND THAN THE OPENED BOOK

*Bender barges in again in February—*



## Books for January Evenings

(Continued from page 39)

which the lure of the sea is constantly apparent and one which all sea lovers will greatly enjoy.

*The Mystery Chest* by Rear Admiral Evans (Farrar and Rinehart) is another story about a boy never happy unless he was tasting salt on his lips. Naturally when Martin Lake rescued a queer bit of wreck-age consisting of a half-drowned man and a chest, things were bound to happen. And how they did! Of course, the chest was no ordinary one, nor was the castaway clinging to it. We meet all the beloved thrillers in this story, from the cat-o'-nine-tails to the final bloody fight over the treasure, and if you like mystery and pirate yarns combined, this is your book. In *Dorothy Stanhope, Virginian*, by Hawthorne Daniel (Coward-McCann) there is more mystery and more thrills. Dorothy is kidnaped from her home in England and sent to Virginia as a redemptioner, in the days when Virginia had to import its domestic help by force from the "mother country." She falls into kindly hands, but her troubles are not half over. Before they are, she undergoes a ducking during which she almost loses a cherished miniature which may prove her kinship, if necessary, to none other than William Morris. With her friend, Betty, she is also kidnaped for a second time. For all her delicate appearance she is made of stern stuff, however, and she manages to prove her identity and attain a reunion with her uncle before our feelings are too much harrowed.

*The Flame* by Jeanette Eaton (Harper) gives us, in modern biographical form, the life of Catharine of Siena—the "Little Mama" whose adoring disciples made a saint of her. In reading this book one acquires an insatiable appetite for more and still more Italian history. It is impossible to help wanting to elaborate the thrilling times, the picturesque period, handled so finely as background for Catharine. Indeed a remarkable woman, the influence she wielded was that of a person sure of the work in life she was made to do, and wonderfully endowed with the ability to do it. The descriptions of her healing powers are most interesting, also those of the tremendous spiritual effect she produced eventually on all who came in contact with her. *Stonewall* by Julia Frances Adams (Dutton) is another biography in the modern manner, but of a person as far removed in character from that of Catharine as he was in time. Those of us who have Stone-

wall Jackson only in the poem of *Barbara Frietschie*, perhaps, will certainly find a new soldier emerging. Even should our knowledge of his life be somewhat broader than that, we will obtain, in this book, new lights on him and a fresh point of view as well.

There are three books of poetry this month which will, I think, especially interest you. One is *The Junior Poetry Cure*, edited by Robert Haven Schauffler (Dodd, Mead and Company). This is an anthology of poetry by all sorts of well-known poets, from Emily Dickinson to Lewis Carroll, and it is classified under headings such as "Sun Baths to Fade the Blues," "Sportsmanship Tonics," "Massage to Soften Hard Hearts," and so forth. Such original headings are lived up to in the poems to which they introduce us—poems from a number of distinguished poets.

*My Caravan* written by Eulalie Osgood Grover (Laidlaw Brothers) is described on the title page as "A Book of Poems for Boys and Girls in Search of Adventure." Like *The Junior Poetry Cure*, it is also an anthology, and includes poems by poets such as Stevenson, Tagore and Eugene Field, and the more modern ones such as John Farrar, Hilda Conkling, Christopher Morley, Oliver Herford. Though both these books are fine collections of their kind, our favorite this month is *Great Grandmother's Piece Book*, edited by Elizabeth McCracken (Macmillan). The poems are so quaint, so successful in bringing before us those times we know only from story books and family anecdotes—the days when every well-bred child had, on some occasion or other, to "speak his piece"—that we can't put the little book down. There are the most irresistible illustrations, too, by Mary Lott Seaman, of little boys with faultless big collars and almost bigger eyes, little boys whose hearts we can almost see thump as they make their bows before the dreaded audience; and of little girls in every kind of costume, and of funny houses and animals which belong exactly where they are put for illustration. It is a book which you will love better and better the more you read it—be sure to give it the chance to let you do so.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Goldsmith will be glad to hear from you about the books you have read. She wants especially to know how you have liked the ones she has reviewed. Just address her in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

## Taking It Easy

(Continued from page 15)

Cup your eyes with the palms of your hands to shut out all the light and then try to concentrate your mind on single objects in the room till you see them in detail—and them only—in your mind's eye. You'll be amazed at how orderly you can make your tired brain and how relaxed you'll feel after finishing this exercise.

Of course, one of the most important things in keeping yourself from fatigue is an orderly habit of thinking and doing. Plan your day's work and play so that you won't

always be in a rush. Keep your own room, your bureau drawers and your clothes closet uncluttered, as well as your mind. And, above all else, try to learn to trust your own abilities. Go at your problems methodically but, if possible, a little gayly. And when you're through with them, be through without any "I wishes" and "I wonders".

EDITOR'S NOTE: Write and let us know what you would like Miss Cades to write about in the 1932 AMERICAN GIRL. We will pass your ideas on to her.

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## What Is the Truth?



(Continued from page 9)

corridor until Sybil finally rounded the corner.

Downstairs Molly and Jean were waiting for her. They had seen Sybil Cox fly after Donny.

"Well?"

Donny hated their smiling. Who couldn't go without Delights when one needed only to look at poor Mrs. Stevens? Who couldn't wait until Saturday night for a date and a movie?

She ignored their unspoken questioning. What had passed between her and Sybil was something she could not tell them. Sybil's face as she had turned away made it so, her face and the way she had walked off. And what she had said, too—"I've never had a close friend before." Somehow, she didn't want Molly and Jean to laugh at Sybil.

They talked about the party. Jean was going with Sid Cooper. Molly was going with her brother. They teased Donny about going with Bruce King, but with a little envy in their teasing.

"I wish I weren't going to the party at all!"

"Donny Cabell, look out! That's just a—"

"It's the truth!"

Donny dressed for the party with no excitement, rather with an unaccustomed reluctance.

As they drove to the party it was plain that Bruce was nervous. "If I walk all over you, Donny, when we dance, you'll tell me, won't you?"

"I'll scream! But don't you dare! I have on new slippers."

He groaned at that.

"Will you give me a high sign if I do anything wrong? You're a peach to go with me, Donny," Bruce said humbly.

Donny shivered with apprehension. They had one more block to go. If—

"I took one look at myself in this outfit! Believe me, I certainly belong in a pasture!"

It was awful to sit silent when Bruce so plainly needed reassuring! And she knew he was going only because she had asked him to go. Why had she made that resolution!

He had slowed down for a car that was stopping at the curb before the Cox house. Two minutes more and they'd be safely mixed with the other young people.

"Donny, am I the big brute that I look?"

He might have been the small Bruce she had known for the way he asked it.

She felt temptation. But she bit her lips tight.

"Give me the consensus of opinion, Donny. Give it to me straight."

"Well, you are big and you're not beautiful—" She tried to make her tone light. She laughed, but her laugh betrayed her embarrassment.

"Thanks. I guess you gave it to me straight. Well, here we are."

Sybil stood alone with her mother receiving her guests. She smiled at Donny, then turned to Bruce, and then to the next one. And then to Jean who had come in just behind Bruce and Donny.

The house was very gay with red and gold hearts everywhere. They played games in the library and danced in the wide hall and the living room. Tommy Ketchum, or rather the butler, served a delectable supper. Much young laughter mingled with the special music.

But Donny did not laugh. She kept watching Sybil going about among her guests with a fixed bright smile on her face. Sybil wasn't happy at her own party. And Donny knew why. "It's my fault," she thought unhappily.

But it had been sporting in Sybil to ask her to come, after what she'd said. "I wouldn't have!" she thought in a burst of honesty. She felt a quick, genuine rush of admiration for Sybil.

She watched Bruce. He stayed in a corner as much as possible. He looked uncomfortable in his dress clothes, miserably self-conscious. He wasn't having a good time, either.

If she had just told him that looks didn't count—there was truth in that for she'd heard it pronounced often—he would be feeling at ease now. Or if she had reminded him how, with his famous tackle, he had won that game against the Elmira High, the fiercest game of the season. Sid Cooper couldn't claim that! Or even if she had said that, when he smiled, he was—

Then she saw Sybil drag Bruce out of his corner. Sybil was eating supper with Bruce. Sybil was saying something that was making Bruce laugh. And after Tommy had cleared the supper away and dancing began again, Sybil was dancing with Bruce. If he walked on her feet, she did not seem to mind. And Bruce looked as if he were enjoying the dance.

A little later Donny approached him.

"Bruce, I've a splitting headache. Sybil's father is going to run me home now."

"Why, I'll take you, Donny! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, you must stay! But thank you for bringing me, Bruce." She wanted to say more to him, to tell him she was sorry she had hurt him, and that he wasn't a big brute, but Mr. Cox was waiting and she hadn't time.

The next afternoon Molly and Jean rushed into Donny's room. It was Saturday. And there was Donny studying, or at least with a book in front of her, pretending to study.

"We've come to find out what time we lunch!"

"Who's we?"

"Donny Cabell, you know perfectly well you didn't have a headache at the party last night!"

"I did," Donny defended, flushing. There was no doubt but that she had had an ache somewhere.

"Something happened! Now answer us truly, Donny. Honestly, weren't you just jealous?"

Jean must add to that. "You were jealous because Bruce King danced with Sybil and didn't dance with anyone else. You've got to tell the truth, remember! It's part of our New Year's contract."

Donny looked down at her book. Had she been jealous—not because Bruce had danced with Sybil but rather that Sybil had said just the things that had put him at his ease?

"I guess I was." She flung back her head. "Oh, have lunch on me! But I haven't broken my resolution, not the way you think. I thought I was telling the truth. I told Sybil, straight to her face, that I didn't like her the way she thought I did. And I do! And I told Bruce King before the dance—at least I let him think that he was—he was—well, awful looking, and he isn't. He's nicer than your Sid Cooper with his curly hair! He's the nicest boy here. Now, laugh!"

But they did not laugh.

"The trouble with telling the truth," Donny went on, solemnly, "is that you must know first what exactly *is* the truth, and that's pretty hard."

A deep silence met this, sympathetic on the part of Molly and Jean.

Out of it Molly spoke. "Well, you had the hardest break, Donny. Let's have the lunch Dutch treat. And let's ask Sybil to go with us. We'll divide hers. You ask her to go, Donny. And you needn't worry about Bruce. He's got too much sense to care whether his hair curls or not. He'll have forgotten all about it by now."

Donny met their comfort unsmilingly. She had more to say. "I'm going to tear up that silly resolution of mine. I've learned a lesson. I'll ask Sybil to come with us. I'll tell her—well, it'll be the truth. And when I see Bruce again—"

"I'll tear up my part, too. I ought to be able to go by Stewart's without my mouth drooling for a Delight!"

"Anyway, it makes a date on Saturday much more exciting when you haven't had one all week!"

"Girls, they have creamed chicken at 'The Cookie Jar' on Saturday!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE AMERICAN GIRL will have another Jane Abbott story in 1932. Watch for it and in the meantime let us know through the *Well, of All Things!* columns, how you liked this story.



Don't miss the first part of "Face West"—

## Polly What's- Her-Name

(Continued from page 21)

for you to take me to see Miss Morton sometime? To go back to Fairview with me?" burst out Polly. "You see, she—she might have learned something new to help me about my name."

Jane was surprised. "Why, of course, Polly, we'll go." She came over and placing her hand beneath the girl's chin, raised her face so that she might look into Polly's eyes. "I thought you had forgotten all about it, child, had decided it was too hopeless a quest or something."

Polly shook her head. "It seems, sometimes, as though I just couldn't stand it—not to know who I really was," she said in a whisper.

Jane, reproaching herself for not having noticed sooner the girl's unhappiness, thought impatiently, "What a goose I've been about this, a stupid, selfish goose! Of course the child wants to know who she is. That's the most natural, human thing in the world."

Aloud, all she said was, "Why, Polly, of course we'll try to find out your real name!"

### CHAPTER VIII

True to her promise, Jane's first errand when she returned to the city from Kingsburg was to call with Polly at Fairview Orphan Asylum. They found Miss Morton busy in her office and she greeted Jane with cordiality and Polly with real affection. She shook her head in hopeless fashion, however, when she learned why they had come to her.

"Polly, child," she exclaimed, "don't you remember how we tried, months ago, to obtain a little more information concerning your identity! Surely you haven't forgotten, when Mr. Van Vorten was here that morning—"

"But I did remember about Mike McGinnis," interrupted Polly hurriedly, "only Mr. Van Vorten's being here sort of kept me from saying anything. I—I guess I was kind of bashful."

"Why, Polly dear, there's nothing alarming about Mr. Van Vorten," laughed Jane.

"I know," Polly laughed, too. "I found that out later. But you see, then I didn't know him very well."

"But your clue about this Mike McGinnis might have proved to be a help," returned Jane. "Tell us more about this boy."

"He's probably not a boy any more," pointed out Polly. "That was twelve years ago when I was only three. Mike must have been fifteen or sixteen then. I can't remember much except that he was big and red-haired and kind and the only one Mother McGinnis had left at home."

"Can you remember what he did? Was he going to school then?" Miss Morton leaned forward urgently.

Polly thought a moment, then shook her head. "No, I can't remember," she said despondently, "except that I think he was going to work because he used to bring home money, sometimes, and give it to (Continued on page 44)



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## Polly What's-Her-Name

(Continued from page 43)

his mother. I don't know what work he did."

Jane turned to Miss Morton. "Have you the address of the neighbor who brought Polly here to Fairview after Mrs. McGinnis' death?" she asked.

Miss Morton went over to a file in the corner and looked through it. "Yes," she said, returning to her desk with a card in her hand, "here it is. I was afraid it had been destroyed in that fire when so many of our records were lost. But this file is steel and preserved its contents. I'll write the address down for you, Miss Drake—it's up on the west side."

Jane Drake took the slip of paper. "Mrs. Martha Smith," she read aloud. "All right, Polly, let's try being two Miss Sherlock Holmeses and see what happens. Thank you, Miss Morton."

"I do hope you'll be able to learn something of value," answered Miss Morton, following them to the door of her office.

Polly lingered there for a moment. "The baby—Maria—how is she?" she asked, her gaze upon the superintendent's face.

"Fine and happy as can be with her new father and mother," answered Miss Morton reassuringly.

"What is their name, Miss Morton?" Polly pulled on her gloves. How could anyone else love little Maria as much as she!

"It's similar to mine. Martin. Pretty, isn't it—Maria Martin?"

Polly nodded. "Oh, that is pretty," she agreed warmly. Glancing up, she saw Jane waiting for her at the outer door. "Goodbye, Miss Morton," she said hurriedly.

Miss Morton retained her hand an instant. "Polly," she asked seriously, "are you happy, too?"

Polly's nod was quick and vehement. "Yes, I am, Miss Morton. Jane is so wonderful! But, oh," her face clouded, "I would like to find out who I really am! I'm sort of tired of being Polly What's-Her-Name."

Miss Morton stood for an instant gazing after the slender figure in brown. Polly was a very pretty girl.

Polly hurried down the steps to the car in which Jane was already seated.

"I'm sorry to have kept you, Jane," she said, "but I did so want to find out about little Maria."

"That's all right, Polly," answered Jane, giving Rogers the slip of paper containing Martha Smith's address. "Drive here next, please, Rogers."

The car shot through the park, droned up Eighth Avenue and turned west at Ninety-sixth Street toward the Hudson. Polly, snug and warm, could see that icy blasts from the river swept undeterred through the street to blow itself out among the park trees after it had nipped toes and noses of those unfortunate pedestrians who had to be out this dull Monday

afternoon. She sighed luxuriously. More than anything else about her new life, she enjoyed the comfort of the car—perhaps because she had walked so many dreary blocks in her lifetime. She broke a long silence now.

"Do you think that there is a chance that this Mrs. Smith is still living at her same address after all these years, Jane?" she asked thoughtfully.

"I don't know, Polly," Jane shook her head. "We can only try."

The address Miss Morton gave them proved to be that of a flat over some stores as they drew up to the number on Amsterdam Avenue. Instantly the car was surrounded by curious children. Polly, staring eagerly about her to see if anything looked familiar, found that only in this crowd of wide-eyed children was there any memory. She wondered if, playing on these sidewalks, she had once formed a part of such a crowd. She followed Jane out of the car and into a dark vestibule and bent toward the names

Jane, hearing the strained note in Polly's voice and glancing quickly at her, saw the bitter disappointment in her eyes. She smiled cheerfully.

"Well, we're not going to give up hope yet," she said briskly. She led the way out onto the sidewalk and into an adjoining store. "We'll inquire around the neighborhood. There must be someone who has lived here fifteen years."

"Or even twelve years," supplied Polly eagerly. She gazed around the shop—a small hardware store—at the dusty counters of cheap pots and pans, at the tables of heavy dishes and fly-specked glassware. The fast encroaching dusk of wintry twilight had already penetrated the place, but, frugally, no light had been allowed yet. From out of the shadows spoke a foreign voice, and a man, shabby, old, came forward.

"Vell, vat can I do for you?"

Jane explained her errand. Disappointment at not making a sale showed for an instant upon the old man's face. He shook his head brusquely.

"I live here but two years. I know noddings."

Thanking him, Jane once more led the way out onto the sidewalk. Both she and Polly instinctively took long, deep breaths after the musty air of the shop.

"We'll try this store next, shall we?" Jane's voice was determinedly cheerful. Polly nodded and followed her into a delicatessen store flanking the other side of the flat entrance. Here, in direct contrast to the shop they had just quitted, were cleanliness and light. Great trays of salads and cold meats lured the hungry customer into unexpected and rash purchases, jars of pickles and appetizers of all kinds topped the immaculate glass showcase, while shelves, from floor to ceiling, containing canned goods, lined the store

on both sides. A woman regarded them pleasantly from behind her counter.

"I wonder if you can tell me anything about a Mrs. Martha Smith who used to live above this store in one of those flats," began Jane.

The shopkeeper interrupted her. "Ja, ja," she returned, nodding her head vigorously. "She was my friend. She went to Yonkers years ago to live with a married son."

"Oh," exclaimed Jane delightedly, while Polly clasped her hands, "then you can give me her address. I—"

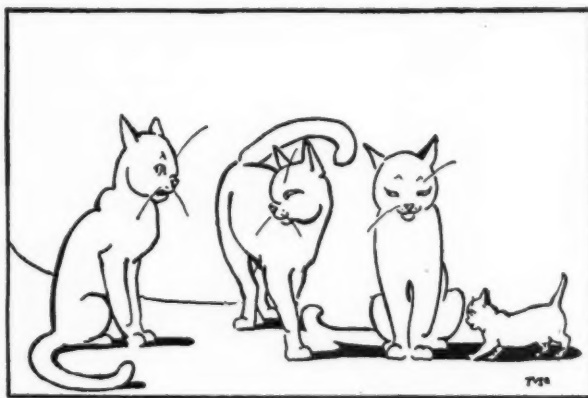
But the woman shook her head. "Nein," she said sadly, "sie ist gestorben! She is dead. Drei Jahre—three years."

Jane took a backward step. "Dead?" she echoed blankly.

"Ja, ja."

Polly spoke impulsively. "Did you ever hear her speak of a Mrs. McGinnis who used to live here?"

The German woman pondered a moment, then shook her head. "Nein, I remember not," she began. Then her expression



PROUD FATHER (to bachelor friend): Since you have seen my son and heir, which side of the house do you think he looks like?

BACHELOR FRIEND: Of course, his beauty is not yet fully developed but—er—er—do you really think he looks like the side of a house?

written above the row of mail boxes. "Oh," she said in disappointment, "there isn't any Mrs. Smith!"

Jane scanned the names in turn. "No Smith!" she exclaimed. "Well, let's try the janitor. He might remember her."

She pushed the janitor's bell and presently, from some subterranean depths, appeared a sullen-looking woman, wiping her hands upon a corner of a ragged apron. As she opened the door to regard them suspiciously, an overpowering atmosphere of boiled cabbage rushed out.

"Yes?" said the woman crossly.

Jane smiled at her. "We're looking for a Mrs. Smith—a Mrs. Martha Smith," she answered. "Her last address was this number. Do you happen to know where she has moved?"

"Nope," said the woman sniffing. "There ain't been no Smith here since I come, five years ago." And she slammed the door.

Jane chuckled. "And that's that!" she said. "She wasn't very gracious, was she?"

"What are we going to do now?"

*It is soon time to start getting ready for next summer's garden—*

changed. "Was she the one who took care of a child—the child Mrs. Smith took to an orphan—"

"Yes." Polly unconsciously made a little, imploring gesture. "Yes?"

The delicatessen owner shrugged. "I remember not more."

"Don't you remember anything about Mrs. Smith's speaking of a boy, Mike McGinnis?" asked Polly desperately.

The German woman looked at her with brightening gaze. "Ja, he went West to Texas. Sometimes she got a card. The city? Ach, I forget!"

"Austin? Houston, San Antonio, El Paso?" Jane asked in quick succession.

The other looked at her fixedly. "Ooston? Ja, maybe that was it! I forget."

A customer coming in just then, Jane thanked her and taking Polly by the arm, returned to the car. She sat with knitted brows most of the way home and Polly, disappointed, baffled, had all she could do to keep her lips from tell-tale trembling. How hopeless, how impossible of success, this attempt to learn her identity! The trail at every turn seemed to lead only into an impasse!

But Jane, as they drew up before their apartment house entrance, looked at the younger girl with a smile. "Polly," she exclaimed, "I have it! We'll advertise for this Mike McGinnis in the Houston papers, maybe in some of the other Texas newspapers, too."

Polly was silent as they crossed the canopied space from car to palatial entrance, but as they waited for an elevator, she stared at Jane excitedly. "Think it will work?"

"It pays to advertise, they say," laughed Jane. "Don't get your hopes up too far, though, Polly, child. It will take at least ten days, probably more, before we hear. That is, before we can hear through the papers."

"Why can't Mike write us directly, instead of through the paper, if he sees your advertisement?" asked Polly impatiently.

"Too many fakers in the world," Jane looked wise. "We might be pestered here by twenty or thirty Mike McGinnises, none of them genuine. No, I'm sure Mr. King would think it best to correspond through the papers. Oh, wait—I must speak to Porter—the doorman, Polly—about some parcels I am expecting. Here's the elevator—you go on up. I'll follow."

Polly did as she was told. Kotowa opened the door softly to her, with his usual friendly smile, and she went straight up to her room, passing Jane's door which was standing ajar. Glancing in carelessly, she saw Isobel Dalton seated before Jane's desk, apparently ransacking it wildly. But when, at some slight noise from Polly, Isobel turned around to find her gazing at her, the older girl got up coolly and came toward the door.

"Oh," she said, without the least sign of embarrassment, "I've been looking for that new stationery Jane ordered. She told me to help myself, but I can't find it anywhere. Do you know where it is, Polly?"

Polly shook her head and went on to her own room. Isobel's explanation sounded plausible enough—and certainly she was in the habit of borrowing, so that her hostess' stationery would be no exception, but somehow it did not ring quite true. (Continued on page 46)



## LESSONS DONE

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The February "American Girl" has a helpful article about it

There had been an air about Isobel's movements. Rather to her surprise, Miss Mills was seated by the window in Polly's room, with the air of having flopped into a chair when the door had opened. And all at once, it seemed to the girl that she, too, had been ransacking! For bits of pink underwear were hanging out of drawers which Polly was sure she had left tightly closed.

Miss Mills started to her feet. Her gaze avoided Polly's. "A Mr. King telephoned to Miss Drake a little while ago. About some oil option, I think. Miss Dalton took the message." Then raising her glance to catch Polly's look of surprise, the governess flushed. "You wonder how I know? I answered the telephone on the extension up here before I realized that Miss Dalton was taking the message downstairs—"

Suddenly a cold voice spoke from the door, whither Isobel had followed. "I shall give the message to Miss Drake when she comes," said she angrily. "It was not at all necessary that you should have answered the telephone, Miss—Mills!"

As the two young women stood staring at each other furiously, a new voice spoke behind Isobel. Jane gently pushed her guest aside and entered Polly's room. "I already have the message, thanks, Isobel. Koto told me. You see, everyone must have been furiously answering the telephone for awhile. He—" Jane's voice trembled slightly from suppressed amusement, "he was listening in on the kitchen extension."

"Koto was?" Isobel Dalton's voice took on an added edge. "Do you allow your servants to eavesdrop, Jane?"

"Oh, come now," Jane laughed out good naturedly, "you can't be sure he was eavesdropping. Perhaps he thought he was merely performing one of his duties. Polly," she turned to the young girl, "do you remember what I did with that oil option of Cousin Henry's? I brought it from the bank the other day when you were with me, meaning to take it down to Mr. King and ask him if it was still any good. You remember, Isobel, don't you? Weren't you here at that time?"

"I remember your speaking about getting the option out of your safety deposit box," answered Isobel coldly, "but I don't remember what you did with it."

"Why, Jane," exclaimed Polly, "don't you remember yourself? You put it in your wall safe that night before you went to bed."

"So I did!" Jane turned and ran down the balcony stairs, followed by the others. Lifting a piece of embroidery which concealed it, in the living room, she exposed the door of a small, built-in safe. Carefully, so many turns to the right, so many to the left, she twirled the safe knobs, swung open the door. "Ah, here it is, safe and sound," she continued. She ran her eye hastily over the contents of the paper she took out. "Well, I'll put it back, for it'll be safer here than out, because—think of it, Polly!—oil has been discovered on the very land it covers. That's what Mr. King

telephoned about. Koto told me about it!"

Polly clapped her hands excitedly. "Jane—how wonderful!"

Looking at her with a smile, after she had shoved the option back into the safe and, slamming the door, had twirled the knobs again, Jane bade Polly get her outdoor things. "Mr. King is waiting for us at his office, to explain more about the land. He is leaving for Canada tonight, later, which is why we have to see him now, because he doesn't know when he will be back." Jane turned gaily to Isobel. "Don't wait dinner for us, my dear. We may be late. Ready, Polly? Are you ready, Miss Mills? We can drop you off at your street corner, if you go our way. Aren't you very

*What has happened so far in this story.*

Polly is the oldest orphan at the Fairview Home, where she was brought when she was a small child, upon the death of a Mrs. McGinnis, with whom she and her father boarded until he was killed during the war.

Mr. Van Vorten, one of the directors of the orphanage, invites Polly to his home for a visit. In spite of the kindness of the Van Vortens, and the unaccustomed luxury of her new life, Polly is not happy. She finds herself missing the home and the baby, Maria, who has been her particular charge, and she feels she has to return. She bursts into Miss Morton's office one morning less than two weeks after she had left, only to hear that the child has been adopted. "Oh, Miss Morton," she says, "it's so wonderful to be back here! Where are the children? Where's little Maria?"

Miss Morton looks troubled. "Baby Maria has found a home of her own," she tells Polly soberly. Polly stares at her a moment in silence and then leaves the room. The orphanage no longer seems like home, after that.

Polly gets another chance to leave the orphanage. She is adopted by Jane Drake, a girl not very much older than herself, and goes to live with her and a friend of hers, a Miss Dalton, in the former's penthouse apartment.

Polly's first day as Miss Drake's ward includes several errands which they do together. They rush home, late for an appointment with Miss Mills, the governess who has been recommended by Miss Dalton to tutor Polly. Breathless, the two reach the door of the apartment. Here they come to an astonished halt. It seems to both Polly and Jane, when the latter opens the door, that Isobel Dalton was about to strike the young woman seated quietly upon a bench there!

With her usual expression of indifference, she introduces them to Miss Mills who tells Jane that she cannot accept the position. Polly, glancing at Miss Dalton, is startled at the black expression she sees upon her face. Miss Mills, seemingly afraid of the other woman, finally agrees to accept the position. Polly senses bitter antagonism between Miss Dalton and Miss Mills.

Among Polly's new accomplishments is horseback riding. One afternoon Polly has to ride a livelier mount than usual. Suddenly he takes fright and starts to run. After some minutes of panic in which Jane tries in vain to overtake Polly, a strange boy rides out from a side road, catches up to the running horse, takes the reins and pulls him to a stop. Before Jane or Polly have a chance to find out who he is, he has disappeared.

The next day Jane and Polly set out for a week-end house party at the country home of the Applebys, friends of Jane. On the train, Polly sees her unknown rescuer, and when they arrive at the station the girls are surprised and pleased to find that he, too, is to be at the Applebys for the weekend.

# Don't miss the final chapters of "Polly What's- Her-Name" next month!

late tonight about leaving? You usually go long before this."

"Why, yes—yes, I am rather—rather late," stammered Miss Mills, with an involuntary glance at Isobel. "But don't bother about me. I—I go uptown instead of down."

Polly, surprising that glance between Miss Mills and Miss Dalton, was puzzled. She was puzzled, too, about something else. What had Isobel been jotting down as she stood behind Jane while the other was opening her wall safe?

She was about to tell Jane what she had noticed, going down in the elevator, when the other, turning to her with a smile, took all thought of Isobel and Miss Mills away by saying, "Oh, I forgot, Polly, I had the telephone operator send a wire to the Houston and Dallas papers. I couldn't wait to send our advertisement by mail."

The end comes next month and the mysteries—of Isobel Dalton as well as of Polly's name, are solved. Don't miss the final chapters.

*The 1932 issues are full of good things—*





## Laugh and Grow Stout



### Such Cruelty

MRS. ROLEO: What are you doing on the floor?

MR. ROLEO: I just saw a funny bug creeping over the parlor rug so I stepped on it.

MRS. ROLEO: Oh, you horrid thing! You've just killed my new Tibetan Fleahound pup.—Sent by ERICA FEUELL, Romulus, Michigan.

### The Real Test

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin."

"I never thought much of the pin test. Why don't you try him with an umbrella?"—Sent by ELIZABETH TYNON, Peru, Nebraska.

### A Silly Idea

An old countryman, who had been to London for the first time on business, returned in a bad temper.

"At the hotel," he complained, "they kept the light on all night and I couldn't sleep a wink."

"Why didn't you blow it out?" asked his wife.

"Blow it out?" said the old man. "I couldn't. It was in a bottle."—Sent by DORIS BURGESS, Cleveland, Ohio.

### That's the Trouble

MISTRESS: Haven't we always treated you as one of the family?

MAID: Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any longer.—Sent by ROSEMARY DAUGHTERY, Chillicothe, Illinois.



Two university crack golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### A Balanced Meal

She put on a great many airs and so when the waiter handed her a menu printed in French and asked her to check the dishes which she wished to order, she would not admit that she could not read it. Taking her pencil she checked several items and haughtily handed the card back. The items which she checked were: "Wednesday, August 5. Salads. Please pay at the desk. No tips. Sightseeing tours arranged at reasonable rates."—Sent by FRANCES MCMAHON, St. Louis, Missouri.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

of them. They looked for a long time without success.

A kindly old lady was watching them with sympathetic interest. Finally after the search had lasted a half hour the dear old lady spoke to them.

"I don't want to bother you, gentlemen," she said, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"—Sent by RUTH V. HERRMANN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Good Company!

"Did you go on that trout fishing excursion?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Did you fish with flies?"

"Fish with flies? Begorra, we fished with them, camped with them, dined with them, and slept with them!"—Sent by PHYLLIS MATTHEWS, Lynchburg, Virginia.



### Double Check!

MAN (in a great hurry to catch twelve o'clock train): Perkins, will you please run upstairs and see if I left my umbrella there?

PERKINS (returning slowly): Yes, sir, it is just exactly where you left it, sir.—Sent by JEANNE HILL, San Francisco, California.

### Elimination of Waste

"Run upstairs and wash your face, darling. I think Grandma wants to take you driving with her."

"Hadn't we better find out for certain, Mummie?"—Sent by MARJORIE HOLMES, Warwick, New York.

### Learn How to Ski

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and bindings, and you're on the way to being an expert ski-runner. Champions use "Northlands" because no better skis are made. Look for the deerhead trademark.

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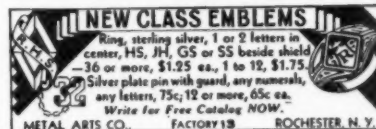
### BE PROUD—

—to wear your emblems, Girl Scouts! For the badges that you wear announce to the world the honor bestowed upon you for dutiful service. Merit Badges are not only things of beauty to enhance your Scout Uniform, they signify your loyalty to the order and laws that you represent. So wear them and BE PROUD—and be assured that they are well made and expertly designed by

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Equipment Headquarters, New York



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The American Girl

670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Renew that subscription if it expires this month!

## Dressing Up Your Room

(Continued from page 25)

in which maple furniture of Colonial style is used. To carry out the simple Colonial idea it will be lots of fun to make calico curtains to match. These should be short overcurtains which tie back and should be trimmed with pleated ruffles of glazed chintz, either in the dominant tone of the calico or in a contrasting color. For example: if the calico has a rose colored figure on a peach colored background, rose would be the correct color for the ruffle. On the other hand, a bright yellow calico might have an old-blue ruffle or a soft green calico a salmon pink ruffle.

In this room let us not overlook the charm of rag rugs on the floor, and since no girl's room seems quite complete without its pillows we will choose calico pillows with quaint calico appliqué designs. It would be charming, too, to use cross-stitch monograms on the bed linens after the fashion of Grandmother's sampler. Or you may prefer a glazed chintz ensemble in your maple room. The coverlet is shown on page twenty-five. Curtains and an apron for the dressing table complete the set. The colors are blue, rose and gold on an eggshell background and the piping is blue.

Another interesting ensemble is built around a hand tufted candlewick bedspread. Many of the lovely tufted spreads to be seen in the shops are made in the mountains of the South where the patterns have been preserved and the art kept alive since Colonial days. Such an easy art, too! I believe many of you will wish to make your own tufted spreads, so I am telling you all about it at the end of this article.

It is lots of fun, too, to work out a red, white and blue room, using a candlewick coverlet with blue tufts on a cream ground in the polka dot design shown on page twenty-five. Toile curtains in the Americana design shown, also blue on a cream ground, are very much in keeping with the patriotic color scheme, as is the apron on the dressing table of the same material. Red is supplied by the use of red glazed chintz cushions on a blue-painted wicker chair, red book ends and other accessories.

For the girl who prefers the strictly tailored, or studio type room, sturdy fabrics and lively colors against a neutral background will give the best results. She wants a room in which her tennis racket, her kodak, and field glasses will feel at home. She usually has her share of originality and ingenuity—this outdoor girl—and so will enjoy working out her own ensemble from such a fabric as osnaburg, a

cotton crash of sturdy linen-like texture. Perhaps you are this girl and would like a room with its tailored-looking couch cover, curtains and pleated radiator cover of osnaburg, in the natural gray-tan coloring, trimmed with bands of the same material in a vivid cretonne pattern. The three pillows on the couch should be of the patterned fabric with bindings of one of its bright colors. The same vivid color may be repeated in a picture frame, chair cushions, lamp shade and book ends.

One of the joys of using osnaburg or a similar fabric of neutral tone, is that it lends itself so beautifully to a great variety of decorations and gives everyone a chance to express her own individuality. Just a hint or two! Conventionalized flowers worked in gayly colored yarns are effective when used as a border at the ends of crash curtains and on pillows. Bands of wool cross-stitch are equally effective. Threads may be drawn and rick-rack braid pulled through, forming an interesting decoration above the hems of curtains and featuring an original pattern in the pillows. Coarse hemstitching is one possibility and block printing another. Still another ensemble might use the amusing animal border design on curtains and pillows. Birds and beasts and flowers borrowed from the ancient Persian have been assembled in a unique way in this design which is worked in bright colors in chain stitch. A pattern for this is suggested at the end of the article.

In all these rooms color and texture play an important part. Two colors are more interesting than one and three are often used to good advantage. Almost all the pastel shades combine nicely. In working with the deeper tones it is a safe guide to take your color scheme from a good picture or a lovely piece of fabric or a fine example of old embroidery work or tapestry.

French dolls and lace boudoir pillows would hardly be in place in a tailored room, nor would silks and satins be in harmony

with the quaint calico room described. The secret is to carry out the same feeling in all the furnishings.

Another feature of these rooms, not to be overlooked, is the washable materials used. Things can be beautiful and washable, too. And how much better to have an ensemble that comes out of the tub bright and shining than the sort that becomes stringy and badly faded and full of dust!

And so in planning a room for every girl we have kept in mind that simplicity is the secret of good taste, always.

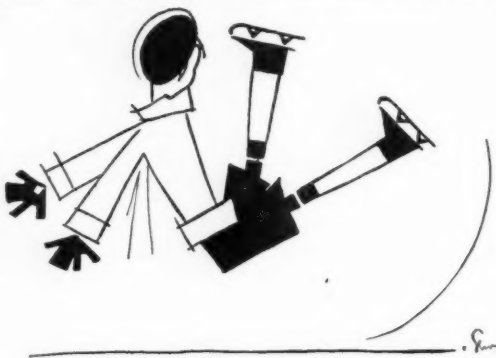
### Make a Candlewick Spread

One of the simplest, yet most effective kinds of embroidery is hand tufting. It works up quickly and easily, yet looks very professional and gives lasting pleasure. All you need to begin your hand tufted spread today is six skeins of candlewick embroidery yarn, a special tufting needle or large punch needle, and a piece of unbleached sheeting 108 inches long. A pattern is not necessary if you use the all-over dotted effect, as you can mark off the dots yourself with a pencil, spacing them two inches apart and placing the ones in the second row exactly under the dots in the first row and so on down the spread as shown in the illustration.

With the pattern ready, open up the skein of candlewick thread and cut a thread not more than a yard long. Too long a thread is inclined to become tangled. Use a double thread. One stitch with the double thread forms the tuft. Take a short stitch through the material, holding it in such a position that the needle is pointing away from you and is put through the cloth in a pushing motion with the right hand while you hold the material firmly back of the needle with the left hand. The stitch itself should not be more than one-eighth of an inch long. When the stitchery is completed, the pattern is covered with long and short stitches.

Next, these stitches are clipped to form the tufts, or little colored balls of candlewick. Each tuft is about three-eighths of an inch long. The next step is to shrink the spread and give it that crinkly effect which is desired. This is done by patting it over, both on the right and wrong side, with a wet cloth to dampen it. When it is dry, take a whisk broom and brush the right side to fluff up the tufting. And lo, your hand tufted bedspread is ready to use!

Woman's Home Companion pattern—2689 (for birds and flowers).



## When the World Is White

(Continued from page 11)

down a hill at breakneck speed, with gay, colored scarfs and tasseled caps waving in the wind.

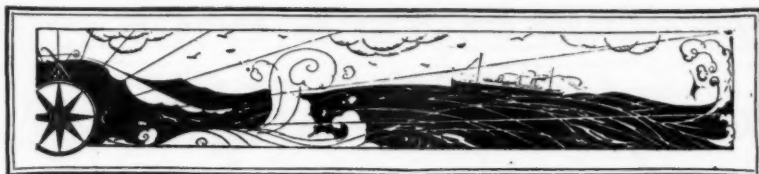
Bright colors for skiing and winter sports in general are the fashion now. In the United States one used to see drab colors in winter, but now we follow the

fashions of Norway where gay colors have always predominated. These vivid colors the Norwegians took from the peasant costumes, which are unusually beautiful in Norway. Even the caps that we use now are bright red or green or yellow. The mittens or woolen gloves are embroidered in these same colors in peasant designs, or are knit

in wool of two or three different colors.

It is hard to say which is the most popular winter sport; some prefer skating, some skiing, some tobogganing. The most daring would undoubtedly prefer ice sailing or ski-joring. But if you were to ask any Norwegian girl, "What is your favorite sport?" she would unhesitatingly answer, "To go on skis!"

*If you're thinking ahead and mapping out a career—*



## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

HERE WE ARE at the beginning of a new year. 1932 is starting with a big shot from our own United States for stamp collectors. On January first the much heralded George Washington Bicentennial postage stamps and envelopes were placed on sale *only* at Washington. At other post offices throughout the nation the stamps will be offered for sale beginning January second. Therefore, if you have been able to secure a letter postmarked at Washington on January first, you have in your possession a first day cover of the new stamps.

As has been previously mentioned in this column, the new set of stamps consists of twelve different denominations beginning at the one-half cent value and running through the ten cent value with a one and one-half cent denomination included. Each of the twelve stamps bears a portrait of George Washington but every stamp is different in design. The colors of each denomination are similar to the colors of the same denomination stamps that we have been using since 1922. In addition to the postage stamps there are five stamped envelopes of one, one and one-half, two, four and five cent denominations. These all bear an embossed stamp of identical design which is a representation of Mount Vernon.

Your stamp editor made a special trip to Washington to secure some first day covers of these new postage stamps and stamped envelopes for you and can let you have one for twenty-five cents. I can also supply you with the complete set of twelve denominations, unused, for eighty cents. These prices include return postage.

Other American stamp news is the story of the Yorktown issue. In my November column I told you how this stamp had been placed on sale for the first time on October nineteenth. On November fifteenth, less than three weeks after the stamp had been placed on sale, the Post Office Department announced that the supply of these postage stamps had become completely exhausted. This is the first time I have ever known a United States issue to be sold out so soon after being placed on sale.

On the subject of United States postage stamps we must not overlook the new Canal Zone air mail stamps which were issued late in November. There are six different denominations—five cent, ten cent, fifteen cent, twenty cent, forty cent and one dollar—and the design on each stamp is the same, the colors only being different. The stamps are beautiful and were designed by Meade Bolton. They are of large horizontal format and show the S. S. "Ancon" in the Panama Canal when it was opened. This, incidentally, is the only time that the "Ancon" was ever in the Canal. Flying over the ship is the plane in which Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh made world history, "The Spirit

of St. Louis." The words "Canal Zone Postage" appear across the top of the stamp with the denomination in each lower corner and the words "Air Mail" across the bottom of the stamp. If you would like to have in your collection an air mail cover flown to you from the Panama Canal Zone with one of these stamps on the envelope which will be autographed by Meade Bolton, the designer of the stamp, I have arranged to send you one for thirty-five cents.

On November nineteenth the world's largest amphibian, The American Clipper, went into service between Miami, Florida and the Canal Zone. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was the pilot on the initial flight and the plane was flown via Cuba, Jamaica and Colombia to Cristobal. The return journey was made over the same route. Air mail covers carried in this flight are of considerable interest to all collectors of Lindbergh covers and, although no special cachet was used at Miami to indicate that the mail was carried by Lindbergh, the postmarks will tell their own story.

On December fourth certain changes were made in the routing of foreign air mail routes flying to Porto Rico and Guatemala. On the Porto Rico route the planes will now fly from Miami via Nuevitas, Cuba and San Pedro de Macoris in Dominican Republic to Porto Rico. On the route to Guatemala the planes will leave Miami for Havana and thence hop across the water to Merida, Mexico. From Merida the route goes via Belize, British Honduras to Puerto Barrios in Guatemala. A first flight cachet was used at Miami on all covers carried in these new flights.

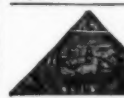
Canada made Embarras Portage in Alberta a point of call on the air mail route between Fort McMurray and Akavik. This happened on December fifteenth and those of you who have been following this column for any length of time will remember the difficulties which were surmounted in establishing this treacherous flying route two years ago. A first flight cachet was authorized by Canada on all mail carried in this flight. All of you know that Canada has only one air mail stamp which is of five cent denomination. As the air mail rates in Canada are now six cents for the first ounce it is very likely that a new air mail six cent stamp will be issued.

There is much other stamp news which we will have for discussion this year. Within a few months Sierra Leone is expected to have a new series of stamps of a pictorial nature. Another British Colony, Antigua, will this year celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of its colonization and a special series of stamps will be issued to commemorate the event. We will tell you about these philatelic activities later.

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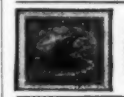


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Let Margaret Norris give you some pointers in February!



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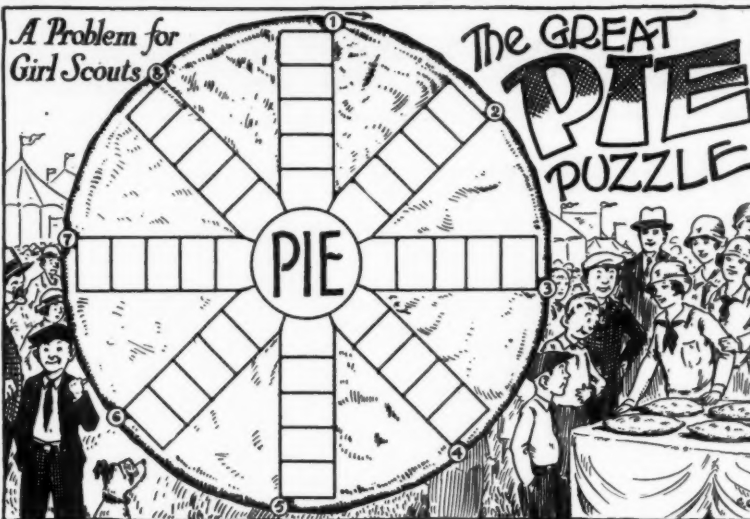
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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### The Great Pie Puzzle

At a recent carnival several Girl Scouts were appointed judges in a great pie-eating contest. The contestants, a group of bright little boys, were all ready to commence when one of the lads offered to make a bet with an old gentleman that he (the boy) could eat all of the pies himself. It seems that the boy easily won the wager, which was a ten dollar bill, and this unparalleled feat was acclaimed in the local papers with the following large headlines:

YOUTH WAGERED!! CONSUMED EVERYTHING!!  
 HAPPINESS!!! STRIPPLING ACHIEVED  
 HALF-SCORE!!!!

Now one of the Girl Scouts discovered that these words could just as well have been written in three-letter words only, each of which in turn could be changed into the word PIE by changing one letter in the word at a time, and doing it in five moves.

Construct a diagram as shown above and see if you can transform the condensed heading into the word PIE.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, five new words will be formed. The five added letters will spell the first name of one of the popular characters in THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine. 1. Ill 2. At 3. New 4. Ail 5. Ice  
 By CLARA E. RICHARDS, Washington, D. C.

### A Charade

My first is in rob, but never in steal.  
 My second, in eat, is also in meal.  
 My third is in all, but never in none.  
 My fourth is in every, but never in one.  
 My fifth is in eel, but never in fish.  
 My sixth is in platter, but never in dish.  
 My whole is an animal small and clever.  
 Busily working you'll find it ever.  
 By TED and THELMA LURIE, Woodcliff, New Jersey

### Concealed Cities

The name of a well-known city is concealed in each of the following sentences:  
 1. Please get the ball on Don's desk.  
 2. Dora then sent to New York for it.

3. There, no man is allowed to interfere.  
 4. The buffaloes are slowly disappearing from the West.  
 5. Do you remember Linda Johnson?  
 6. Am I a mischief maker? John said so!  
 By M. A. LEE, Brooklyn, New York

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Fashion  
 2. Valuable stones  
 3. Ways of walking or stepping  
 4. Extreme or beyond  
 5. Composition (literary)  
 By AGNES LANDERS, Rochester, New York

### An Enigma

I am what everyone should do when hiking in the woods. I contain twenty-three letters. My 20, 16, 14, 22 is the name of a female relative.

My 23, 4, 3 is the name of an implement used in carpentry.

My 10, 9, 6, 21 is the antonym of close.

My 18, 5, 13, 8 is slang for professor.

My 11, 12 means existing.

My 17, 7 is a homonym for sew.

My 1, 15, 19, 2 is the name applied to the trunk of a tree.

By ANITA OPPEL, Troop Eleven, Maplewood, New Jersey

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE CHRISTMAS TREE: Kodak, compass, toilet kit, flashlight, sweater, watch.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

P A N I C  
 A T O N E  
 N O M A D  
 I N A N E  
 C E D E S

WORD JUMPING: Dark, dare, dame, dome, some, same, lame, lamp.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: One is heir to the throne, and the other is thrown to the air.

CONCEALED TREES: 1. Elm 2. Palm 3. Maple 4. Oak 5. Ash 6. Beech

AN ENIGMA: A rolling stone gathers no moss.

PUZZLE PI:

Little Jack Horner  
 Sat in a corner,  
 Eating his Christmas pie.  
 He put in his thumb,  
 And pulled out a plum,  
 And said, "What a good boy am I."

ADD A-LETTER: The added letters spell SCROOGE.

Send in your renewal or you'll be sorry when the mailman passes you by next month!

# If You Are Looking for

A STORY that has in it the type of adventure every girl likes—adventure that takes you to new places and makes life slightly different from what it has always been for you—

If you want a story that deals with real people—some humane and honorable, others scheming and distrustful—

If you are looking for a story with just the sort of romance that you have been trying to find in your reading—a romance that blossoms and blooms in a peach orchard in California—

Then you mustn't miss the first instalment of Margaret Lull's new story of a girl who had to leave college to earn her own living—you'll want to begin reading

## "Face West" in FEBRUARY



YOU will wish to read, too, in the February AMERICAN GIRL the last instalment of "Polly" and discover who she really is and what finally becomes of her.

And if you're interested in deciding what is to become of *you*—what your own career and future are to be—then you will welcome Margaret Norris' helpful article, "Square Pegs in Round Holes" in the February issue.

You'll laugh at Bender who comes barging in again in February in the funniest tale you have ever read!

Mary Ellen brings you lots of fun, too, when she goes in for tap-dancing next month. And if you want to

learn the elementary steps of tapping in one lesson you'll hunt for the page number of this article in the table of contents the moment your February number arrives.

There are any number of articles next month to help you in many ways. Since February is Party Month, the article on games is just the thing you'll need. And you'll find Winifred Moses' article on party and birthday cakes exactly what

you've been looking for if you're planning to be one of February's hostesses.

Oh, there are any number of good things coming—a music article, a good looks page, a gardening article and the announcement of the winners in our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest.

And before we leave this page, let us mention one more thing—our International Issue in March. It promises to be the best ever. There are stories and articles from a score of distant countries sent in by world famous writers. Look for their names in a special announcement next month! And watch for the most interesting and colorful International Issue—in March!

And keep a weather eye out  
for  
OUR INTERNATIONAL ISSUE  
Coming in March

# Intermission~

Drink

**Coca-Cola**

Delicious and Refreshing



It's just a pause . . . you can make it *the pause that refreshes*

Scenes like the picture above are always before you around theatres and at dances. So will you welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola on the happiest occasions—to make intermissions *the pause that refreshes*. This great drink gives you a tingling, delicious taste. It quenches thirst. It leaves a wholesome, cool after-sense of refreshment.

And remember this about Coca-Cola: It contributes to the busy day in stores, offices and workshops the same life and sparkle. Only a minute is long enough to enjoy it to the full. The minute is never lost. It means a fresh start, and you do more work and better work. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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